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FOUR CAPITALISTS
FOREIGNER

Servants in the Sibirtsev household (Miss Fish, governess, maids, cooks, janitors, etc.).

Time of action — November, 1917.

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

A fortified trench on the Russo-German front in the World War, one evening in the middle of October, 1917. In the trench are the soldiers Ivan Shadrin, Stamyeskrin, Yevtushenko, Bochkin, a shell-shocked soldier and a soldier sick with fever.

STAMYESKIN: How quiet it is. Do you notice it, fellows?

YEVTUSHENKO: Stamyeskin, what are you always yapping for? You might think you. . . . He keeps yapping and yapping.

STAMYESKIN: Say what you like, but the Germans are saps. If they slapped our flank right now, everything would crumble like rotten wood.

BOCHKIN: Thank god, you're still alive.

STAMYESKIN: Me and god have separated. God and the muzhik don't team up well. We don't talk to him nowadays.

SHADRIN: You don't try to pass yourself off for a muzhik. What the hell kind of a muzhik are you? A muzhik lives on the soil, and you live in the city. You're a workman.

STAMYESKIN: That's true, Vanya. You and I have different titles—only our lice are the same breed.

SHADRIN: Wise guys, these workmen.

They grow silent. The shell-shocked soldier sits motionless. The one with fever keeps wrapping his coat tighter around him. In the distance, cannon boom.

YEVTUSHENKO: Boys, don't quarrel on such a grand night. Look at that moon! Brothers, ah, brothers, what wouldn't I give for some cherries, cherries from our orchard back home! Oh, Jesus, why must man suffer so? Just a handful of those cherries, and I could die in peace.

SHADRIN: No use eating your heart out, Yevtushenko.

BOCHKIN: The sufferings of Christ the saviour has made me merciful.

STAMYESKIN: Your saviour suffered and rose again, but I shan't rise again. Soldiers don't rise. They rot.

Enter Lopukhov.

LOPUKHOV: Why are you so gloomy? Bored because you haven't done any fighting since morning?

SHADRIN: Whoever feels merry can go right ahead and dance.

LOPUKHOV: It would be a shame to waste shoe leather, and Mister Kerensky's supplies are all gone. Winter is getting under way. Our regiment is being withdrawn from its position for special service in the rear. Do you get it? Keep it under your hat! As for you, Shadrin, the liaison men have been saying you'll get a leave. You haven't been licking the captain's boots, have you, Vanya?

SHADRIN: Who's a boot-licker? Me a boot-licker? You're always picking on me, Lopukhov. What for? Is it my fault that my sister happens to be a housemaid in the Captain's family?

LOPUKHOV: What I'm wondering is, why Shadrin is getting a leave.

SHADRIN: You're a fine one, Lopukhov. Here I haven't been out of the trenches for almost three years now. My comrades went on leave long ago—to the kingdom of heaven—but I'm still here.

LOPUKHOV: The regiment is being sent to Petersburg for special service. It'd be interesting to know whose orders Ivan Shadrin will be obeying there.

SHADRIN: Nobody's.

LOPUKHOV: It won't work out like that, Vanya.

SHADRIN: I want to go back to the farm! If they don't let me go

home this time, I don't know what I'll do.

LOPUKHOV: People say I'm a peasant, too, or doesn't that count?

YEVTUSHENKO *(to Lopukhov)*: Leave him alone. Shadrin's all right. Listen, Lopukhov, have you got a newspaper with you?

LOPUKHOV: Yup.

STAMYESKIN: *The Soldier's Truth?*

LOPUKHOV: That's the only one for me. Here's an article by Lenin that I read to the liaison men. But it's dark now.

SHADRIN: Here, I'll give you a light. My lantern still works.

STAMYESKIN: Light it.

THE SHELL-SHOCKED SOLDIER: What are you going to read?

STAMYESKIN *(whispering loudly into his ear):* Lenin. Do you hear me? Lenin.

THE SHELL-SHOCKED SOLDIER: I hear you very well. Lenin, god preserve him.

LOPUKHOV *(reads):* "You cannot lead the masses into a predatory war on the strength of secret treaties, and count on their enthusiasm."

SHADRIN: How is that to be understood? That the soldier mustn't be made to go through all this suffering.

STAMYESKIN: Right.

SHADRIN: That's just how the trenches feel.

LOPUKHOV *(reads)*: "The advanced class of Russia, the revolutionary proletariat, ever more clearly realizes the criminal nature of the war . . . ."

THE SICK SOLDIER: Boys—it's the voice of the regiment.

SHADRIN: Lopukhov, give me the paper. You go back to your company, and we'll finish reading it ourselves.

LOPUKHOV: All right, but take care of it.

Shadrin slips the paper under his coat. All go back to their places. Enter the Captain.

CAPTAIN: Sit down, boys. This is our last night in the trenches. At dawn we're leaving for the rear. As you know, I don't like to keep my men in the dark as to how the fighting is going. We've been told to expect an attack. I don't think it likely—the enemy has too few forces on our sector—but we've got to prepare. What do you think?

LOPUKHOV AND OTHERS: Yes, Captain.

CAPTAIN: Is that you, Lopukhov? I come across you very often in the regiment, citizen Lopukhov.

LOPUKHOV: I'm in my own regiment, Captain.

CAPTAIN: Yes, but not in your own company.

LOPUKHOV: The companies have become kind of small, Captain—you can't figure out where one ends and another begins.

CAPTAIN: Insolent talk is not a sign of great intelligence. I know my regiment's losses better than you do, for not a single battle has taken place in which I did not take part alongside my men.

LOPUKHOV: But I only spoke the truth, Captain.

CAPTAIN: I don't need you to tell me what condition my companies are in.

LOPUKHOV: Sorry. It won't happen again.

CAPTAIN *(seeing Shadrin)*: Ah, Shadrin. There's a leave for you—a home leave. I've signed the order.

SHADRIN: I'm very thankful to you, Captain.

(Shadrin draws himself erect. The newspaper falls from under his coat. Shadrin does not notice this, but the Captain does.)

CAPTAIN: Pick up the paper. *(Shadrin does so.)* Give it to me. *(Shadrin does.)* Who has a lantern? Hasn't anyone a lantern? *(He hands Shadrin his own.)* Light mine. *(Shadrin obeys).* Give me some light.

(The Captain glances over the paper.) So—the Bolshevik infection in my regiment? *(To Shadrin.)* Answer!

SHADRIN: Yes.

CAPTAIN: You know that Lenin has been bought by the Germans?

SHADRIN: I don't.

CAPTAIN: What are you, Shadrin?

SHADRIN: I am a private in the valiant Russian army.

CAPTAIN: And under the guns of the enemy you read this seditious sheet?

SHADRIN: Yes.

CAPTAIN: There was a leave for you, Shadrin, but I cancel it now.

A shell explodes in the trench. There is a burst of flame, then darkness, black smoke, silence. The trench is full of debris. Shadrin picks himself up from under the debris.

LOPUKHOV: The Captain's done for.

SHADRIN: Well, so his excellency canceled my leave, eh?

Cannon boom.

SCENE 2

Drawing room in the Petersburg residence of the millionaire Zakhar Zakharovich Sibirtsev, on the eve of November 7, the first day of the Great Proletarian Revolution.

KATYA: Where is that devil of a "Jap"? Everything in the house is topsy-turvy. Can he have run off to the Prospect?

NADYA: You haven't much to worry about, but the old woman will fire me on account of that tomcat. And he's not even a Russian cat. He's an Angora. Find him!

KATYA: Tomcats, ikons—they've all gone crazy.

Enter Varvara Ivanovna.

VARVARA IVANOVNA: Katya, get the janitor.

KATYA: Yes, ma'am. *(Leaves.)*

VARVARA IVANOVNA *(to Nadya)*: What are you doing here, my dear?

NADYA: I'm looking for the tom.

VARVARA IVANOVNA: You've been here almost six months now, my dear, and you don't know how to answer your mistress. It's time you got rid of your village ways. Well, why don't you say something?

NADYA: I don't know what to say. Yelizaveta Nikitishna ordered me to find the tomcat.

VARVARA IVANOVNA: How is it you don't understand? It's a disgusting word, "tomcat." Well, why don't you say something?

NADYA: I don't know what to call it now. It's not a she-cat. Yelizaveta Nikitishna calls him "Jap."

VARVARA IVANOVNA: Yelizaveta Nikitishna is an old fool, and you're no better. I want to rest. What are you standing around for?

Enter Katya.

VARVARA IVANOVNA: I don't understand a thing. When will it all end?

KATYA: I've brought him.

VARVARA IVANOVNA: Whom?

KATYA: The janitor.

VARVARA IVANOVNA: Let him wait. Just a minute, Katya—this relative of yours—what is she to you?

KATYA: My brother's wife.

VARVARA IVANOVNA: Is she very stupid?

KATYA: I don't know, my lady. Not noticeably.

VARVARA IVANOVNA: We took her on to attend Grandma Lisa out of goodness of heart, at your request....

KATYA: We shall always be grateful to you, dear lady.

VARVARA IVANOVNA: My brother Vasily is suffering in the trenches.

KATYA: Our Ivan is in his regiment. You remember how he

came to Gatchina during the mobilization and was taken into the regiment by your brother, at my request.

VARVARA IVANOVNA. I had forgotten. Well, you see for yourself how much we've done for you.

KATYA: We shall always be grateful.

VARVARA IVANOVNA: But she, that wife of your soldier, is very stupid. Or don't you think so?

KATYA: She's backward, it's true. She's still ignorant.

VARVARA IVANOVNA: Oh yes! Show the janitor in at once.

KATYA: Right away.

She goes out and returns with him immediately.

KATYA: May I go?

VARVARA IVANOVNA: Yes, my dear. *(Katya leaves.)* How do you do, Yefim? Shut the door. Have you found out who comes to see Katya?

YEFIM: I have, your ladyship.

VARVARA IVANOVNA: Who is it?

YEFIM: A Social-Democrat.

VARVARA IVANOVNA: That's a stupid answer. I don't understand what that means. Is he a jailbird?

YEFIM: Quite the same thing. A Social-Democrat, a Bolshevik, your ladyship.

VARVARA IVANOVNA: How is it you let a Bolshevik into our house, Yefim?

YEFIM: He's courting Yekaterina, your excellency. He's her beau, even if he is a Bolshevik.

VARVARA IVANOVNA: Yefim, do you need any money? Tell me, has Zakhar Zakharovich spoken to you about taking on unemployed policemen?

YEFIM: Nowadays, your ladyship, the earth is off its axis. The police, your ladyship, can't put it back in place.

VARVARA IVANOVNA: Yefim, you're drunk.

YEFIM: Never, your ladyship. I am ready to lay down my life for my benefactors, but using the brains god gave me I think that neither money nor the police can help now.

Enter Vitaly.

VITALY: Mama, how awful! We're not going to the ballet! They're presenting *The Pharaoh's Daughter* today, and we can't go. *(To the janitor)* Listen, Timofei, why can't we go?

YEFIM: I'm not Timofei but Yefim.

VITALY: What's the difference? Why can't we go, I'm asking you?

YEFIM: We don't know who is in control of the bridges. They're holding everybody up at the bridges. To put it plainly, they might take the automobile away from you.

VARVARA IVANOVNA: Thank you, Yefim. I believe you. Go. If you should need money, in any amount, come to me directly.

YEFIM: I'll keep it in mind, your ladyship. I am touched by your trust.

He bows and leaves.

VITALY: Mama, why are you so depressed? After all, papa is a millionaire. Part of Russia belongs to him. . . .

VARVARA IVANOVNA: Vitaly, you're still a child.

VITALY: Mama, try and understand—revolution is a disease. Under the influence of sun spots, masses of people fall ill and begin to make a revolution. Later the spots on the sun disappear and the revolution blows over. Don't you really know it? Even Kerensky knows. But he keeps quiet about it because he wants to become a Napoleon.

VARVARA IVANOVNA: But why don't the sun spots affect us?

VITALY: Because we are better fed. Now that's physics.

Enter Grandma Lisa.

VITALY: Grandma Lisa, we're all

looking for "Jap." Katya is looking, and Nadya, and Savyely, and Miss Fish, and my Fortunato.

GRANDMA: Thank you, Vitaly. You're a good boy, even if you are feather-brained. You weren't brought up properly, you weren't. (*To Varvara Ivanovna*) Of course you, Varvara, would rather not listen to a horrible, sick, neglected old woman, and I understand you. I also had a mother-in-law, and I despised her, too. But what's to be done? There's still life in me, and it's no small part of my fortune has gone to secure our family's welfare.

VARVARA IVANOVNA: Yelizaveta Nikitishna....

GRANDMA: You can drive my maid out of your rooms—you've a right to—but I won't let you persecute my cats....

VARVARA IVANOVNA: That's unjust, Yelizaveta Nikitishna. I'm also looking for "Jap."

GRANDMA: He's been missing since morning. Search the whole house.

VITALY: I'll order the janitors to search the courtyard.

All leave. Katya and Nadya enter.

KATYA: Damn him. He must be squatting somewhere under the furniture.

NADYA: I've seen Ivan in a dream again. And do you know how? He was in our village, came up outside our window and asked for alms. I wanted to have a talk with him, but he couldn't speak.

KATYA: Look for the cat.

NADYA *(in a loud singsong)*:Puss, puss, puss—ah, but he's mean, that tom. And dislikes the old woman like poison. The moment he sets eyes on her, his tail is up and he's away. And the old woman's a mean one, too.

KATYA: You think everybody is mean. You'd better behave more properly. The mistress is dissatisfied with you.

NADYA: The mistress has become afraid of the Bolsheviks. She jumps on everybody now. They say, in the streets they're making speeches, and shooting. Your young man has probably gone to take a hand in the shooting, too.

KATYA: My young man? Don't go marrying me off so quickly. Where's that tom? Look for him, for god's sake.

NADYA: I'm looking. I see everything. I'm not blind. But I want to tell you, it's not the time for it.

KATYA: For what?

NADYA: For love.

KATYA: What love? You're raving. There he is. *(She catches the cat.)* Run and get a napkin. We mustn't hand him over without a napkin.

NADYA: Right away. (*She goes out.)*

KATYA: Love. She sees. Let her. Now he's probably gone to take part in the fighting. If he'd only drop in for just one little minute!

Enter Vitaly.

VITALY. You found him. Katya, give me "Jap," and say I found him. You must, Katya. Grandma will die soon. Don't you understand?

KATYA: I understand. Wait, we're getting something to wrap him in.

Enter Nadya.

NADYA: Well, thank god. Yelizaveta Nikitishna is coming.

Enter Varvara Ivanovna and Grandma.

VITALY *(to Katya and Nadya)*: Tell grandma who found "Jap." It was I found "Jap"! He was on the second floor balcony, in tears. *(He humbly passes the tom to the old woman.)* He's still crying.

GRANDMA: Thank you, Vitaly. Come, I'll kiss you. *(She kisses him on the forehead. Enter a young general in glittering braid.)*

GENERAL: Please pardon me for this abrupt intrusion. *(He greets the old woman and Varvara Ivanovna as if he were in his own home.)* A frightful day. An armed rabble has come in from the outskirts of the city. The soldiers have ceased to obey their commanders. A criminal hand is directing the blow of the rebellious mobs at the very heart of the state organism.

GRANDMA: Nonsense!

GENERAL: Ladies and gentlemen, I tell you, the Bolsheviks have gone into action.

GRANDMA: Not so loud, your excellency. There are no soldiers here, there's no need to shout.

GENERAL: Yelizaveta Nikitishna, my soldiers are looking for me to mob me. Petrograd has gone mad. The great Russian boor has come out into the streets.

GRANDMA: I don't want to listen! Nonsense! The government will call out the Cossacks and clear the streets.

GENERAL: But we don't know whether we have a government any more.

GRANDMA: Confess that you have been frightened by some toughs. Once when we were at our place in the Urals, disorders occurred. We called out the Cossacks and they sent everyone scurrying to their holes. It's disgraceful, sir, for me, an old woman, to have to say such things to generals.

GENERAL: Yelizaveta Nikitishna, times are different now....

GRANDMA: Of course if you run away and hide yourself, they will start breaking windows....

GENERAL: If it were only windows....

GRANDMA: Well, what else? Do you think they'll break into our house?

GENERAL: No, of course it will never go that far. That's not the point. Excuse me, Yelizaveta Nikitishna, Zakhar Zakharovich phoned for me.

GRANDMA: Now, that's fine. Politics is for men; to me my "Jap" is more precious than all your nonsense.

Exit the general. Grandma goes out by a different door.

VARVARA IVANOVNA *(to Katya)*: Is Zakhar Zakharovich in his room?

KATYA: He's in his study.

VARVARA IVANOVNA: Call Vitaly.

Katya goes out. Nadya puts the furniture back in place.

VARVARA IVANOVNA *(at the window)*: There's shooting. The shooting has begun again. Lord, help us, thy sinful slaves; help, Lord, and preserve my children from affliction and sorrow. Who's there? *(Seeing Nadya.)* Ah, it's you again, my dear. Come here. What's that shooting outside our windows? Pull down the blinds.

Enter Vitaly.

VITALY: Mama, don't be upset. Papa is coming. He has received news from the front.

Enter Zakhar Zakharovich Sibirtsev.

SIBIRTSEV: Varvara, let's have a talk.

VARVARA IVANOVNA: What does that mean? Zakhar, what has happened?

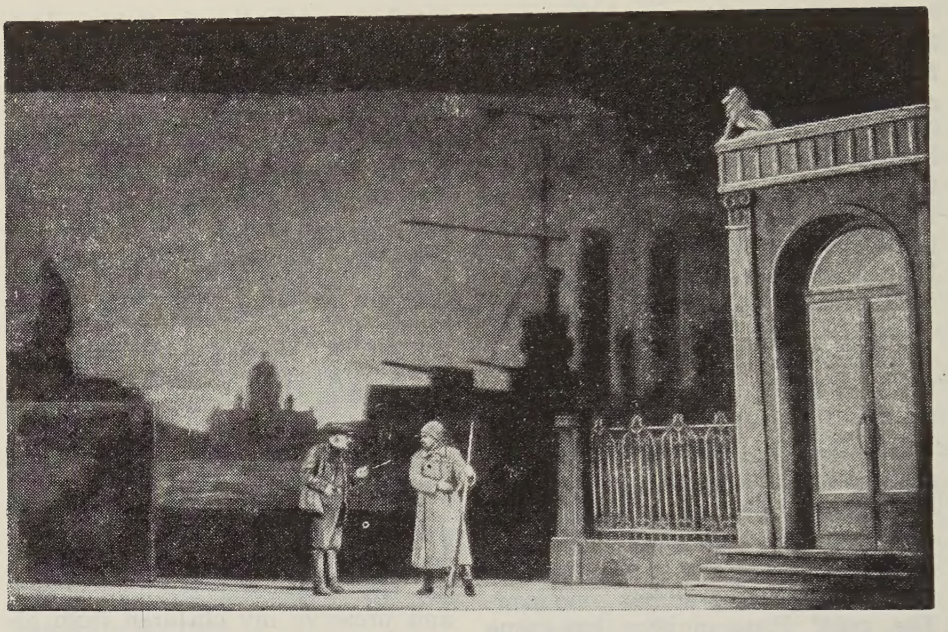
SIBIRTSEV: A friend of your brother is here from the front... he knows all about it.

VARVARA IVANOVNA: What does he know? Vasily! Killed?

SIBIRTSEV: Ten days ago. He fell like a hero.

Varvara Ivanovna is in tears. Katya enters.

NADYA *(flinging herself on her knees)*: Master, dear master, you know. My husband, Ivan Shadrin fought in his regiment. Haven't



Shadrin's first meeting with Chibisov outside the Sibirtsev mansion

they written you about Ivan Shadrin?

SIBIRTSEV: Katya, who is this? Take her away. What is this?

KATYA *(to Nadya)*: Get out, you. Excuse her, master, she's so.... She's all right. Nadya, have you lost your mind? Is that the way to behave?

Enter the general.

GENERAL: Headquarters doesn't answer. Kerensky can't be found.

SIBIRTSEV: I knew yesterday that it would be like this today, but today I don't know what it will be like tomorrow.

SCENE 3

The exterior of a Petersburg mansion, of the type built by millionaires in the period shortly before the Revolution, with the main entrance and the gate of the courtyard showing. Outside the gate stands Shadrin. Behind it is the janitor Yefim.

SHADRIN: Mister janitor, you've seen me here before with my sister. I'm Yekaterina's brother, Ivan Shadrin. I've come from the front on furlough. Tell Yekaterina, and I'll make it up to you.

YEFIM: You're a dumb soldier. You're told to come in the morning, and you come when you feel like it. If you haven't anything to eat, I'll give you a small loan, only clear out of here, for god's sake.

SHADRIN: Why is it all right to come in the morning but not now?

YEFIM: Because you'll be wiser in the morning. Well, so long and please don't knock any more.

SHADRIN: All right. *(Yefim disappears.)* Where to now? I suppose it's too late to go to the market, and there aren't any lunch rooms in sight. It's a lonely sort of city. *(He surveys the house.)* It's dark. Can they be sleeping already? Sounds like shooting across the river. This is tough luck, all right. Out on the street like this you can freeze before morning.

He stands there gloomily, leaning on his rifle. Enter a Red Guard,

Nikolai Chibisov. He looks at Shadrin suspiciously.

CHIBISOV: What are you standing here for?

SHADRIN: Just happen to.

CHIBISOV: Nothing just happens. Are you on guard?

SHADRIN: I told you I just happened along.

CHIBISOV: Nobody just happens along, nowadays. Speak up, why are you hanging around here?

SHADRIN: Because I didn't ask you where to hang around.

CHIBISOV: That's too bad.

SHADRIN: Maybe I'm not sorry.

CHIBISOV: So I see. You're not bashful, anyhow.

SHADRIN: Don't try soft-soaping me. It won't get you anywhere.

CHIBISOV: I see you're one of us.

SHADRIN: Who's "us"?

CHIBISOV: Who are you for?

SHADRIN: I'm for me.

CHIBISOV: All right, we've kidded around enough. Where are you from, soldier?

SHADRIN: From the front. Back from the trenches, on leave.

CHIBISOV: Then what are you moping around here for?

SHADRIN: My sister lives here, works for the gentlefolk. I've come to see her, but they don't let you in at night.

CHIBISOV: So. Haven't you heard that we're in power now?

SHADRIN: No matter who's in power, I won't give up my rifle to nobody. They've got to understand the soldier with the gun, too.

CHIBISOV: Have you heard the news?

SHADRIN: You can't tell what's what yet.

CHIBISOV: Ask uncle, he'll tell you.

SHADRIN: You don't mean ask you, do you?

CHIBISOV: And why not? I'm up on things.

SHADRIN: I'm no slouch, either.

CHIBISOV: Well, here's what's what: You and I are going to win the whole world.

SHADRIN: You and who else?

CHIBISOV: We have nothing to lose but our chains.

SHADRIN: Now that, I guess, is the truth. But who the devil are you? Why pick on me? You might give a guy a smoke. The gab would go better.

CHIBISOV: Sorry. *(He offers a cigarette.)* What's your sister's name?

SHADRIN: So that's where you're heading!

CHIBISOV: Nothing doing there, soldier. I've got a good reason for asking.

SHADRIN: All right. Her name's Katerina.

CHIBISOV: So that's it.

SHADRIN: So what's what?

CHIBISOV: It turns out I've known you for a long time.

SHADRIN: Pile it on, but not too thick.

CHIBISOV: You'll see.

SHADRIN: You're an interesting fellow, and not drunk either.

CHIBISOV: What are you hanging around here for?

SHADRIN *(in irritation)*: I'm telling you, I've come to see my sister to borrow some money for a cow. A year ago our cows died, and it's almost six months since letters stopped coming. I don't even know whether my wife's still alive back home.

CHIBISOV: Money for a cow. And you haven't even a pair of boots. That's a muzhik for you.

SHADRIN: Don't you make fun of me.

CHIBISOV: This is no time to bother about cows, you fool.

SHADRIN: I'm telling you, don't make fun of me. I'm no relation of yours.

CHIBISOV: And I'm asking you,

what in hell are you acting like a beggar for?

SHADRIN: It's none of your business.

CHIBISOV: Yes, it is.

SHADRIN: No, it isn't! And let me be....

A pause.

CHIBISOV: You're Ivan Shadrin, if I'm not mistaken.

SHADRIN: How do you like that, he knows me! And who are you?

CHIBISOV: Nikolai Chibisov.

SHADRIN: What are you after?

CHIBISOV: Come with me.

SHADRIN: Where to?

CHIBISOV: Not very far. Just there. *(He points to the main entrance.)*

SHADRIN: You don't happen to have gone out of your mind?

CHIBISOV: Are you afraid?

SHADRIN: Are you serious?

CHIBISOV: Come on.

SHADRIN: What's the idea?

CHIBISOV: And while we're at it, you'll see your sister.

SHADRIN: But... no....

CHIBISOV *(leading him to the door)*: Not no, but yes. Ring the bell, soldier—get used to it.

SHADRIN: I'll get into trouble along with you!

CHIBISOV: With us? You'll certainly get into something. Did you give the button a good push?

SHADRIN: I pushed it.

CHIBISOV: Well, how does it feel?

SHADRIN: Now you do the talking.

CHIBISOV: All right. I will. *(The door is opened slightly.)* Do you recognize me, Savyely?

MAN AT THE DOOR: Yes, but my orders are not to....

CHIBISOV: That doesn't mean a thing now. I've a decree from the Revolutionary Committee. Open the door. Don't be afraid, you've nothing to answer for. *(The door is opened.)* That's right. Step right in, Comrade Shadrin. Wiping your feet. That's it. You see, everything's working out fine.

The door shuts after them.

SCENE 4.

A room used as an office in the Sibirtsev house. Here are assembled representatives of various strata of the capitalist world: an industrialist from the Volga region; an up-to-date, "Europeanized" capitalist; and a leader of the Cadet ("Constitutional Democratic") Party.

CADET *(reading)*: "The Central Committee of the party of people's freedom calls upon you not to recognize the authority of the usurpers of power. The lawful government created by the revolution must be reestablished. We greet all institutions and organizations united in the struggle against the Bolshevik seizure of power, and call upon the members of the party to cooperate in this struggle with all their strength." *(To the man from the Volga.)* Don't you like it? Please suggest changes.

MAN FROM THE VOLGA: I've never written anything except telegrams, and I'm not going to start now. Which party? It's not clear. Is it the Cadet Party?

CADET: I assumed you would be our partner in the struggle..

MAN FROM THE VOLGA: On the contrary, sir, on the contrary. I prefer a union of honest people to all parties and leagues.

CADET: You mean to say, a union of the Russian people? Monarchists?

MAN FROM THE VOLGA: I didn't pray to the tsar, I don't overdo the god business either, and as for the Russian people, I can only say that there is no other people on earth worse, more stupid, thievish and

disgusting, though I myself am one of them.

THE EUROPEANIZED CAPITALIST: This appeal must be printed quickly, before the Bolsheviks close down our newspapers. If Zakhar Zakharovich has read it, the appeal ought to be sent by wire all over Russia.

CADET: We'll also send it to the ambassadors of the great powers.

He goes out.

MAN FROM THE VOLGA: And do you, my friend, with all your brains and education, take the Smolny authorities seriously? How will they close down our newspapers? And what if we simply bash them on the head?

THE EUROPEANIZED CAPITALIST: Who? You and I and Zakhar Sibirtsev? We have no bayonets, you forget.

A gentleman in a fur coat carrying some slips of paper enters, followed by three other gentlemen.

GENTLEMAN IN FUR COAT: My respects, gentlemen. We bring stupendous news. Listen, this is the real, genuine truth. Kerensky has taken Gatchina and is on his way to Tsarskoye Selo.

MAN FROM THE VOLGA: There are your bayonets.

GENTLEMAN IN FUR COAT: General Krasnov in his first decree writes: *(reads)* "The Provisional Government has not been overthrown but has been violently ejected from its premises and is preparing to call powerful forces in from the front."

MAN FROM THE VOLGA: Please repeat those historic words. The army will enter Petersburg, and that will be the end of the Bolsheviks.

EUROPEANIZED CAPITALIST *(ironically)*: Did you know that troops were brought into Petersburg in the July days, too?

MAN FROM THE VOLGA: They entered and smashed the Bolshevik den in the Kshesinskaya Palace.

EUROPEANIZED CAPITALIST: Exactly. They smashed it, but there in the palace the soldiers read the Bolshevik newspapers and then, my dear Boris Nikitovich, those same soldiers gave us a revolution and smashed those who had called them in. Soldiers must be kept away from Petersburg. This is a poisonous city. The whole infection spreads from Petersburg.

MAN FROM THE VOLGA: Here comes Sibirtsev. Zakhar must know how things really stand. I'm not used to such disorders, and on an empty stomach, too; naturally, my head's splitting.

The man from the Volga goes over to a table on which are spread sandwiches. Enter Zakhar Sibirtsev and several other people, respectfully following him.

GENTLEMAN IN FUR COAT: Zakhar Zakharovich, do you know the news?

SIBIRTSEV: I do. Kerensky has taken Gatchina.

GENTLEMAN IN FUR COAT: And General Krasnov's decree?

SIBIRTSEV: I've read it. *(To a servant.)* Bolt the front door. *(The servant disappears.)* Gentlemen, I'll get right down to business. The enemy is now in our house, the enemy is everywhere. A common aim—the destruction of Bolshevism—reconciles the interests of all trends and parties in our society. The Cadet extends his hand to the monarchist and the monarchist approaches any and every sort of socialist, for we and they have one deadly enemy, the Bolsheviks. That is how the advanced people of all parties view the present situation. Krasnov's offensive, despite his success, does not make me feel optimistic for the future. Smolny is ablaze with activity, and my information is that

Lenin is working with unbelievable and furious energy. The soldiers and sailors literally worship that man. I say nothing about the workers; you know all too well what weight the name of Lenin carries in the factories.

GENTLEMAN IN FUR COAT: Do you really believe we won't see troops loyal to the government in the capital?

SIBIRTSEV: I want to see them here right now. I want.... But what sense is there in our wonderful hopes? Krasnov will occupy the capital, but I don't put any trust in his Cossacks, for I don't know how long they will continue to obey their officers.

MAN FROM THE VOLGA: Let's wait and see.

SIBIRTSEV *(excited)*: I can't wait while shells are being made in my factories at Lenin's orders. I won't wait till I'm strung up, and I don't believe in a single ruffian who carries a rifle. We haven't rallied real military support within the country. There is no people, there is no army, there's a rabble, riff-raff, bandits, and Petersburg is nothing but a cesspool of bandits, murderers, and thugs. That's my opinion, if you want it. The way out for Russia is for the Germans to take Petersburg.

MAN FROM THE VOLGA: Surrender the capital to Wilhelm?

SIBIRTSEV: Or lose Russia.

A pause.

MAN FROM THE VOLGA: That we should have lived to see the day!

EUROPEANIZED CAPITALIST: The emotional aspect of the question doesn't interest us just now. I don't doubt for a minute that the Germans would take proper care of the "comrades." But where are they? How can we negotiate with them?

GENTLEMAN IN FUR COAT: Gentlemen, what about the Allies?

SIBIRTSEV: How can the Allies land troops in the Gulf of Finland?

EUROPEANIZED CAPITALIST: This involves many ticklish and unpleasant questions in our international relations....

SIBIRTSEV: And is it pleasant to live with the Bolsheviks? If it is, you live with them. I'm not going to. Keep one problem before your eyes, Bolshevism, and everything becomes simple. Without making any bones about it and fully concious of what we are doing, we must surrender Petersburg to the Germans, establish German military rule and the German police, string up the comrades, and give Russia a strong government. Are we going to keep on talking or shall we get down to business?

MAN FROM THE VOLGA: What can we do right now?

SIBIRTSEV: We've already prepared for this. I am now going to present to you a person empowered to act on behalf of a certain government. First, however, I shall ask him whether he wishes to remain incognito or whether we shall talk openly.

He leaves.

MAN FROM THE VOLGA: God has given Sibirtsev a lot of brains, a terrifying lot of brains. I'm afraid of him, damn it.

EUROPEANIZED CAPITALIST: The kaiser will ask plenty for himself.

MAN FROM THE VOLGA: We'll give it to him.

GENTLEMAN IN FUR COAT: It's easy for you if your money is in the Volga region, but what will the people in the capital say?

EUROPEANIZED CAPITALIST: My interests, as you know, are concentrated entirely in Petrograd. I'm ready for sacrifices.

MAN FROM THE VOLGA: What sacrifices? I can give up all the grain I've stored away, from Kineshma to

Astrakhan, and be not a kopek the poorer. I'll get mine from those Germans later. Let's come to terms with them.

Enter Sibirtsev with a foreigner.

SIBIRTSEV: Gentlemen, before you stands a person empowered by the emperor of Germany, his majesty Wilhelm II, to negotiate with circles directly interested in the salvation of the Russian state. We welcome his majesty's envoy to our country.

He steps back from the foreigner and applauds. All do likewise. Just then the door opens. In step Chibisov and Shadrin, with rifles. The applause slowly dies out. General confusion and stupor.

CHIBISOV: This building must be cleared for military purposes, by order of the Revolutionary Military Committee.

SCENE 5

A hall in the same mansion. The servants are assembling; Miss Fish, furnace men, maids, waiters, janitors, cooks, porters, and a floor polisher, Mitreikin, straight from work.

MITREIKIN: Have they put a guard at the entrance?

FURNACE MAN: I saw it. Some one who knew him met Nikisha Noskov and he was also carrying a gun.

WAITER: To whom shall I take seltzer water?

MAJORDOMO: Take it to Yelizaveta Nikitishna. The old madam.

OLD RETAINER: Did anyone die, god bless us?

MAJORDOMO: The Bolsheviks are on the streets....

OLD RETAINER: A public prayer? Let's have prayers....

MAJORDOMO: The bums are behaving outrageously in the house, and there's no one to complain to. The Russian state has come to an end.

COOK: Why have we been brought together here? By whose orders?

FURNACEMAN: The Bolsheviks have seized power. A new government for Russia has been proclaimed.

DISHWASHER: What terrible times are on us! Here comes a soldier with a gun.

MITREIKIN: And you're making the cutlets as usual.

COOK: Yes, but you know my views. I'm for the working people.

Enter Shadrin and Nikolai Chibisov.

SHADRIN: What's your name. I've forgotten, dear comrade. Tell people about this back home and not a soul would believe it. It would sound like a tall story.

CHIBISOV: Don't let it surprise you, and keep your mouth shut, Vanya. I'm going to have a talk with the former owner, while you pick out three reliable people. *(To the servants.)* Is everyone here?

MITREIKIN: Almost everyone.

CHIBISOV: Pick out three people. Get a move on, Shadrin. *(Leaves)*

SHADRIN *(to the assembled servants):* Come on, citizens, line up in a row, in a row, I say, and step lively. Line up along the edge of the rug. In single file! And please be quiet.

The servants line up. Enter Katya. She stares at Shadrin in surprise, recognizes him, and flings herself upon him.

KATYA: Vanya, brother. Where did you come from?

SHADRIN *(controlling his feelings, with embarrassment)*: Katerina, save it for later.

KATYA: Vanya, dear....

SHADRIN: Save it for later, I say. Get in line. *(Katya, frightened, drops back.)* Right dress! *(The people dress right as best they can.)* Attention! *(He notices an old woman.)* Young fellow, give her a stool. As you were! Attention! Stand at

ease! *Looking the people over, he goes up to the cook.*) Who might you be?

COOK: The head cook.

SHADRIN: The head, oh, oh. *(He goes down the line.)* Katerina, which of your people here are on the right side?

KATYA: How can I tell, Vanya?

SHADRIN: I'll be Vanya to you later. You're not in your own hut now, you might realize. *(Miss Fish's monocle attracts his attention.)* Is your eyesight bad?

MISS FISH: Please cease this mockery. I am not Russian, and I shall lodge a complaint with the British consul.

SHADRIN: Why make a fuss? I'm not insulting you. Excuse me if I've said anything to embarrass you.

MISS FISH: You are a coarse Russian boor. I don't wish to have to look at you. You must let me go.

SHADRIN: What a dame! Beat it, madam, before I get sore. . . . (*The Englishwoman does not move.*) You may go. (*Miss Fish proudly turns and goes out.*) We understand. (*Suddenly*) Attention! Those of you who are for us, take two steps forward. (*He casts a glance sideways.*) Katerina!

KATYA *(leaving):* Mitreikin, what's the matter with you?

FLOOR POLISHER: I'm not the only one. (*He goes over to the furnace men.*) Furnace, what are you standing there for? Step forward.

Silently the furnace men step forward.

HEAD COOK: I'm joining them.

SHADRIN: As you were, handsome, as you were. Get back there.

KATYA: But you don't know him, Vanya.

HEAD COOK: You can't tell a man's politics by his figure. The kitchen knows my views.

SHADRIN: The meeting's over.

Yefim breaks in.

YEFIM: I'm joining you.

SHADRIN (*sharply*): Left about face!

YEFIM: Why so?

SHADRIN: You're not the right height, clear out.

Yefim goes. Enter Chibisov.

CHIBISOV: Comrade Shadrin, have you got everything ready?

SHADRIN: Practically.

CHIBISOV: This building is to be a hospital. The rugs, paintings and all valuable objects must be packed up by morning. The rooms must be cleaned up. We'll make some of the servants responsible for it and let the rest go. Come and sign the inventory. Katya, come with us. (*He goes out*).

KATYA: I'll be right with you. (*To Shadrin*) Vanya. . . .

SHADRIN: You see, I'm alive and well. Hello. (*They kiss.*) How are things at home?

KATYA: Bad, nothing but trouble. Nadezhda is here, though, in this house.

SHADRIN: How come? And who's home with the kids?

KATYA: The old folks.

SHADRIN: Everything's gone to ruin. Is the horse dead?

KATYA: Yes. I sent for Nadezhda to come to the city. I asked the people of the house to take her in to work.

SHADRIN: And has she been getting paid?

KATYA: Yes, we've already saved up enough for a cow, what with tips and such. . . .

SHADRIN: Where's my wife? What's she hiding for?

KATYA: She's with the old woman, who took to her bed, when you came. It was like some terrible blow, it happened so suddenly. Vanya, what does this mean? How did you get here with Nikolai Chibisov?

SHADRIN: I got here, so I'm here. Your boy friend, is he? Watch yourself, Katerina.

Honored Artist E. Alexeyeva as Nadya

KATYA: I'm not a baby. You don't need to talk to me like that.

SHADRIN: How do you like that! But you have become good-looking. I've no objections. As long as he's a good fellow.

KATYA: I'm not thinking of.... You're marrying me off already, just like that. We're only acquaintances. But I want you to like him, he's a fine fellow.

SHADRIN: It's a woman's business to love. Acquaintances, eh? Call my wife. It's time I laid eyes on her.

Enter Nadya.

NADYA: Ivan! *(She flings her arms around his neck.)*

SHADRIN: Don't cry. I'm alive and in good health, there's nothing to cry about. Let's have a look at you, at least. *(He holds her away from him.)* Eh, you snub-nose, you! *(To Katya)* Get out, you shameless one.

KATYA: What's the matter? I'm no outsider.

SHADRIN: Go and sign the inventory. *(Katya goes out.)* Well, Nadezhda, how did you get along without your husband? You didn't take up with anyone, did you?

NADYA: You needn't talk nonsense. Or think I've done wrong Katya knows everything.

SHADRIN. Nonsense is nonsense. You're the dearest thing in the world to me. What shall we talk about? Speak up.

NADYA: You're not a commissar by any chance?

SHADRIN: I've been sort of promoted, though indirectly.

NADYA: You're probably a Bolshevik already, are you?

SHADRIN: Are you afraid?

NADYA: In this house I've been like in a prison.... I don't know a thing.

SHADRIN: Don't be afraid. I'm not in the Party.

NADYA: What are we to do now? We've got to head for home.

SHADRIN: Home? Of course, home. But have you any money?

NADYA: Katya keeps it for me. And she has more than me.

SHADRIN: She'll lend us some, I expect.

NADYA: She promised to.

Enter Katya and Chibisov.

CHIBISOV: I could tell right away that he was your brother.

KATYA: How?

CHIBISOV: He looks an awful lot like you.

KATYA: How does he look like me? Take a better look. I see you're trying to say nice things.

CHIBISOV: You and I, evidently, will never agree. You'll be forever snapping at me.

KATYA: You came on business, and here you are flirting.

CHIBISOV: Just the same, I like your brother very much.

KATYA: We think he's pretty good, of course.

SHADRIN: I'm no sissy. Come

on, let's drop it. Tell me what I ought to do now.

CHIBISOV: Go back to the village and see about a cow.

SHADRIN: I'm considering that.

CHIBISOV *(ironically)*: You should go back to the village!

KATYA: Vanya, I've brought you our money. Take it.

SHADRIN *(looking at Chibisov)*: All right, I'll take it.

CHIBISOV *(turning away)*: All right, take it.

SHADRIN: Sure.... I'll take it.

CHIBISOV: That's what I said, take it. *(Shadrin stands there undecided.)* Take it, Ivan, take the coin for the cow.

SHADRIN: Here's a devil, and not a man, that's stuck himself onto me.

NADYA: Vanya, you haven't thought up something else, have you?

SHADRIN: Keep still, Nadya.

NADYA: How I waited and prayed for you to come back. Vanya, dear, what's the matter now?... The old folks write that everything's gone to pieces in the house.

SHADRIN: I know it myself. My own spirit is all gone. *(He is silent.)*

NADYA: Does it mean you're not going back to the village?

SHADRIN: I'll tell you later.

NADYA: And the money?

SHADRIN: I'll take it later.

CHIBISOV: Do as you please, brother, but I can't waste time. I've got to go to the Revolutionary Committee.

SHADRIN: Nadezhda, listen to your husband. You're crying over nothing.

NADYA: Lord, it's so long we haven't seen each other....

SHADRIN: You listen to what I'm telling you. The village can wait a couple of days. It won't burn up. *(In a different tone.)* Who has gone through more, you or me?

NADYA: Vanya, dear, it's you I'm crying for.

SHADRIN *(to Chibisov and Katya)*: I'll be back. I'll go along with him, see what's what, and that's all. *(He kisses her.)* You little fool. You don't know how much I've missed you. You're the dearest thing in the world to me.

NADYA: At least you've said something nice.

SHADRIN: I'll go along with him, just have a look at what's doing in the capital, and in one little hour I'll be....

NADYA: Go along, then....

SHADRIN (*to Chibisov*): Let's go. Excuse me. But you see for yourself... women. Where are we off to?

CHIBISOV: To the Smolny.

SHADRIN: What's that?

CHIBISOV: That's the headquarters of the Revolution.

SHADRIN: Do you hear how the man talks, Nadya? How can I stay behind? Let's go.

ACT TWO

SCENE 1

Smolny. A large room which formerly served as a classroom. Soldiers are resting, sleeping, eating, reading. Many have guns. In the foreground a young soldier, Larion, is examining a rifle.

LARION: Whose gun? Nobody's, eh? Or has the owner dozed off?

A SOLDIER: That's my gun.

LARION: Guns must be kept clean. Look the rifle over and see that it's free from dirt and oil. We may need the guns, comrade.

Enter Chibisov and Shadrin.

CHIBISOV: Stay here a while. Don't go off anywhere. I'll be back soon.

He goes out.

SHADRIN (*looking around*): Hey, what kind of people are you?

LARION: And what sort of a bird are you?

View of the Smolny with sentries in the foreground

SHADRIN: I'm asking what kind of troops you are?

LARION: One kind over there, brother, are ignorant hussars. . . .

SHADRIN: I can tell that by the smell.

SOLDIER WITH BREAD: Join up, and be one of us.

SHADRIN: Thanks for the invitation. I've been on the go for days, so it won't do any harm to sit down with you.

LARION: Did you march to the palace, too?

SHADRIN: What palace?

LARION: What do you mean, what palace? Where have you been?

SHADRIN: Where've I been? On earth.

LARION: Don't be such a wise guy. We're no dumbells. Talk straight, where did you come from?

SHADRIN: What are you, the conductor examining the tickets on this line?

LARION: I'm asking you in the name of. . . .

SHADRIN: In the name of what?

LARION: In the name of the Revolution.

SHADRIN: You're talking pretty big, watch out or you'll crack.

LARION: Comrades, this soldier is not one of us!

Many of the soldiers have become interested. They watch Shadrin with unfriendly attention.

SHADRIN: Who's "us"?

LARION: Do you hear that, fellows? Perhaps he's been sent in by the enemy. We've got to search him.

SHADRIN: Take it easy. Search who? Me? I'll search you so that you'll feel it in every bone.

Shadrin and the young soldier face each other.

OTHER SOLDIERS (*to Shadrin*): Don't get so tough or it will be the worse for you. Do you know where

you are? Search him. Let's find out who he is and what he's here for.

SOLDIER WITH BREAD: Let's take him to the commandant. They'll find out.

VOICES: Right! Arrest him!

Enter three sailors, headed by Dymov.

DYMOV: Infantry, we need five volunteers.

LARION: Comrade sailors, we've caught a provocateur here.

DYMOV: We shoot provocateurs on the spot.

SHADRIN: Don't try to scare me, you with the ribbons.

DYMOV: Who is this? Your documents!

SHADRIN: You act tough, sailor, but you can't scare me. Why should I show you my documents?

DYMOV: Because I represent the workers' and peasants' power.

SHADRIN: And who am I?

DYMOV: That remains to be seen.

SHADRIN: That remains to be seen, does it? (*He pulls out a grey packet.*) Here....So they're representatives, and I... I remain to be seen?

DYMOV: Shut up! We're trying to establish who you are, and you're interfering.

He examines Shadrin's papers. The crowd waits, glowering.

DYMOV: Where did you get the idea he's a provocateur? He's an ordinary private, Shadrin. Have you been away from the front long?

SHADRIN: I only got here today.

DYMOV: Misunderstandings happen. *(To Larion)* Apologize to the comrade for calling him a provocateur, and let's have five volunteers.

Shadrin, still angry, puts away his papers. Soldiers step forward.

DYMOV: Not ten, five's enough. Grab yourselves hunks of bread, comrades, can't tell when you'll be back. And the rest of you ought to

Honored Artist A. Gorunov as the Sailor Dymov

explain the internal and international situation to the comrade from the trenches. Detachment, follow me. Good luck, buddies. *(Exit)*

LARION *(going over to Shadrin)*: I'm sorry.

SHADRIN: I'm not an aristocrat, there's nothing to be sorry for.

LARION: It's the sailor's orders.

SHADRIN: What's the matter, haven't you a mind of your own?

LARION: What are you so sarcastic for?

SHADRIN *(to soldier with bread)*: Brothers, won't you give me some bread?

SOLDIER WITH BREAD: Sure. Here.

LARION: You should have told us right away that you were hungry, instead of getting sore. Just a minute. I'll give you a bit of paper that'll put you in a better mood.

Gives him a leaflet.

SHADRIN: What's this?

LARION: Can you read? Or do you want me to read it to you?

SHADRIN: I'll manage myself.

LARION: Read it aloud.

SHADRIN: Pestering me again, are you? *(He reads.)* "Decree on Land." What's a decree?

LARION: A law.

SHADRIN: "On land, adopted by the Congress of Soviets of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies at the Session of Oct. 26 at 2 a.m." That would be three days ago, wouldn't it?

LARION: Go ahead, read it.

SHADRIN: "Landlord ownership of land is abolished at once without compensation of any kind." *(Pause)* At once without compensation of any kind.

LARION: Read on.

SHADRIN: Don't butt in. *(Repeats)* Without compensation of any kind. Fellows, have you any tea? Tea right now would be. . . .

SOLDIER WITH BREAD: Nobody's refusing you, are they? Go and get it.

SHADRIN *(more and more cheerily)*: That's a just law. But where's the tea?

SOLDIER WITH BREAD: Upstairs, I think, but I don't know. We ourselves have only been here a little while. Go and look for it.

SHADRIN: Sure. I'm going right away. Don't you give this paper to anyone. I'm going... No, I'll take it with me. We'll make some tea right away.

SCENE 2

Shadrin is walking along a corridor in the Smolny. A rifle and kit are slung across his back. He carries a battered old tin tea kettle in his hands. Pausing, he reads the words on a door—"Teachers' Room." Passing on, he stops at another door and firmly opens it. There, in a room

Reading the Decree on Land. Scene from Act II

thick with tobacco smoke, people are sitting, standing, or lying on the floor. A sailor is pecking away at a typewriter, taking dictation from a young woman wearing pince-nez. Three civilians are unrolling a map. On the floor by the door a soldier is sleeping. No one pays any attention to Shadrin. Carefully he shuts the door on them. He stands there thinking. A man in a military uniform comes up. Shadrin tries to start a conversation with him.

SHADRIN: Friend. . . .

The man passes on.

SHADRIN: It's like at the front.

He walks on. From a door far up the corridor Lenin enters and walks in the direction of Shadrin. Shadrin looks the approaching figure over and steps aside because the latter is walking so briskly.

SHADRIN: Friend, where might I get hold of some tea. . . *(Lenin looks Shadrin squarely in the face and Shadrin becomes embarrassed.)* Excuse me, friend, I've come a long way. . . .

LENIN: Missing your tea, eh?

SHADRIN: Just dying for a glass of it.

LENIN: Well, come along, I'll show you. Have you been fighting long, comrade?

SHADRIN (*sighing*): It's my third year without a break.

LENIN: Been out of the trenches long?

A sailor enters behind him and takes up a position a short distance from him.

SHADRIN: Pulled out ten or twelve days ago.

LENIN: Are things bad there?

SHADRIN: Tough.

LENIN: But you still stuck to your posts?

SHADRIN: That's right.

LENIN: How are things with the Germans? Have you noticed anything in particular?

SHADRIN: Yes, and we figure things aren't so hot with them either. Things are pretty bad for the soldier all over.

LENIN: What have you noticed? It's very important to know.

SHADRIN: For one thing their coffee smells like chicory.... We bring in prisoners, and we see the Germans are not what they used to be.

LENIN: Not what they used to be? Are they tired of fighting?

SHADRIN: You're damn right, they are.

LENIN: Are they for making peace with us?

SHADRIN: That I can't say. If you judge by the soldiers and the way they fight, they're all of them fed up with the war. But they have a tsar.

LENIN: Our generals don't want peace, either.

SHADRIN: That's the truth.

LENIN: What's to be done?

SHADRIN: That I can't say.

LENIN: But if the Soviet power says: Soldiers, take the cause of peace into your own hands, will you yourself, for example, take the hand held out to you by the Soviet power?

SHADRIN: My dear comrade, just let the Soviet power say it.

LENIN: You won't get cold feet?

SHADRIN: Who? Me?

LENIN: Let's say you. Take yourself, now. Each soldier must answer personally for the fate of all Russia.

SHADRIN: It sort of scares you, I won't deny.

LENIN: Are you married?

SHADRIN: Yes.

LENIN: Have you any children living?

SHADRIN: Three.

LENIN: Have you much land?

SHADRIN: Where would I be getting it?

LENIN: Have you a horse?

SHADRIN: It died.

LENIN: A cow?

SHADRIN: Also died.

Shadrin stands there sad and thoughtful. Lenin, raising his hand, lightly touches the strap of Shadrin's rifle.

LENIN: But the time hasn't come for you to put away your rifle, eh?

SHADRIN: I'm afraid, comrade, that I'll need it yet.

LENIN: Kerensky is advancing on us.

SHADRIN: So I hear.

LENIN: Kaledin is stirring up the Don Cossacks.

SHADRIN: If they start up against the people. . . .

LENIN: It will be war again, eh? But the soldiers are tired out.

SHADRIN: It depends on what we fight for, and how. None of us will fight for the Dardanelles.

LENIN: The Soviet power has no intention of seizing foreign territory. But if the tsarist generals try to saddle Russia with landlords and capitalists, then, what do you think? What do you, yourself, think?

SHADRIN: Then we'll fight.

LENIN: We must fight today . . . now. . .

SHADRIN: Then let's fight now...

A pause.

SHADRIN: Maybe you don't believe me? I'm speaking right from the heart.

Lenin shakes hands with Shadrin.

LENIN: Goodbye, comrade. Excuse me for having held you up.

SHADRIN: Excuse you? For what? It wasn't you who held me up.

LENIN: You'll get your tea upstairs. We have a dining room up there, up those stairs.

Lenin goes out through the very door Shadrin had opened.

SHADRIN *(to himself)*: There's a man for you. But. . . . *(He sees the sailor)* Buddy, I've just come from the front. Tell me who it was I was talking with. Who was that?

SAILOR: Who was that? Lenin.

Shadrin is staggered.

SHADRIN: Why didn't someone tell me before? Him I would have told everything. . . . I would have. . . .

SAILOR: But that's just what you did do.

SHADRIN: Shut up, sailor. (*Flinging the tea kettle away.*) Who gives a damn about tea now? I'm going back and tell the soldiers I've just had a talk with Lenin. We must fight today, fight right now.

SCENE 3

An office at the military headquarters in the Smolny. In an adjoining room, a conference is taking place. Outside the door stand two Red Guards with rifles. On the stage are:

A student, a young man in a soldier's greatcoat.

Nikanor, a Petrograd worker, aged 40.

A former lieutenant.

A sailor, who acts as typist. At the moment he is at the telephone.

SAILOR: Listen, operator. This is Smolny headquarters speaking. I want to know whether the commander of the front hasn't phoned for a connection? Why don't you answer, dumbell? *(He reports to Nikanor.)* The commander has just spoken with the Central Committee. What else, Comrade Nikanor?

NIKANOR: Where did he call from?

SAILOR *(into the phone)*: Where did the comrade commander of the front call from? *(He listens at the receiver, then repeats.)* From the office of the military commandant at the Tsarskoye Selo railway station. What are your orders, Comrade Nikanor?

NIKANOR: Use your own judgment.

SAILOR: Use my own judgment it is. *(Into the phone.)* Connect me with the office of the military commandant at Tsarskoye Selo. The

office of the military commandant at Tsarskoye? Smolny headquarters speaking. Is the commander of the front there? He's driven off by automobile in the direction of...? *(He reports.)* He's driven off by automobile in the direction of the enemy, accompanied by two sailors.

LIEUTENANT: Did he say when he'll be back?

SAILOR *(into the phone)*: Did the commander of the front say when he'll be back? *(After listening.)* No, the comrade commander of the front didn't say.

LIEUTENANT: I'll go and report. *(He goes off into the next room.)*

NIKANOR *(to the sailor)*: Get the Tsarskoye Selo Soviet on the wire. Why don't we hear from them?

SAILOR: I'll get them right away. Operator, give me the Soviet in Tsarskoye Selo. Make it snappy, operator. *(Enter a group of soldiers and workers carrying piles of pamphlets and newspapers. Several are armed.)*

WORKER: We're agitators. We're being sent to the front.

NIKANOR: Good luck, comrade agitators.

WORKER: You just give us transportation, then you can wish us good luck. All we need is one truck.

A Red Guard enters.

RED GUARD: Is Comrade Sverdlov here? And Comrade Dzerzhinsky? I have some packets for them from the Commissar of the State Bank.

NIKANOR: Give them to me, I'll turn them over to the comrades.

RED GUARD: My orders are to deliver them personally.

NIKANOR: Here's a receipt. Student, take them in, please. *(To the sailor)* Well, how are you doing?

SAILOR: Here they are. *(Into the phone.)* Say, Soviet, why don't we hear from you? This is Smolny headquarters speaking. Don't get panicky, comrade. Take it easy, nice and quietly. Now that's more like it. What's that? Is it definite? I get you. We'll report it. *(He reports.)* There isn't time to talk a lot, Comrade Nikanor; according to definite information Cossack patrols have just been observed on the outskirts of Tsarskoye Selo. *(Into the phone.)* We'll report it. Comrade Lenin is here. Excuse me, I thought you were scared by a call from headquarters when you talked so fast.

NIKANOR: I'll report it immediately.

On his way into the next room he bumps into the former lieutenant.

NIKANOR: Well?

LIEUTENANT: I have orders to find the commander of the front. Comrade Lenin himself is going to the front today.

NIKANOR: What, tonight? At night?

LIEUTENANT: That's right. I'm going to Tsarskoye.

NIKANOR: Cossacks have turned up there.

LIEUTENANT: We'll take care of them. *(He puts on a coat and leaves. Nikanor goes into the next room. Two or three people go by quickly, in silence. Then a man in a leather coat runs in).*

MAN IN LEATHER COAT *(to the sailor)*: Where can I get hold of a motorcycle?

SAILOR: For how long?

MAN IN LEATHER COAT: Don't know. Won't be back so soon.

SAILOR: Just yell out "on headquarters business!" at the exit. Then with this slip they'll give you one. Drive yourself?

MAN IN LEATHER COAT: Yes.

He goes out. Enter Socialist-Revolutionary and Menshevik functionaries. The sailor looks them over.

SPOKESMAN: Is Lenin here?

SAILOR: What do you want?

SPOKESMAN: We are the author-

ized representatives of the leading democratic organizations of the Revolution, but is Lenin here or isn't he?

SAILOR: That I can't tell you.

SPOKESMAN: In that case we'll find out for ourselves.

They head for the door.

SAILOR: Comrades, where do you think you're going? There are guards here.

SPOKESMAN: Don't address me in that tone of voice.

SAILOR: Don't go rushing up to closed doors.

The student and Nikanor return. The student sends a liaison man off.

NIKANOR: What's the matter?

SPOKESMAN: We've been delegated to see Lenin. You know us, don't you?

NIKANOR: Yes, I know you, but it's doubtful. . . .

SPOKESMAN: What's doubtful?

NIKANOR: It's doubtful whether Vladimir Ilyich will talk to you. I don't think so. Wait.

Commissar enters.

COMMISSAR: Comrade Nikanor..

NIKANOR: Hello, Comrade Grigory.

COMMISSAR: Is Comrade Lenin here?

NIKANOR: Yes. . . but. . . .

COMMISSAR: I understand. But I've been made commissar of fuel and I don't know what it's all about. . . . I don't know how to get started.

SPOKESMAN *(to his companions)*: You see, it's madness, it's terrible.

NIKANOR *(to the commissar)*: The conference ought to be finishing right away. Take a look.

SPOKESMAN: Announce us.

NIKANOR: No, I won't go to him on any such business. This is military headquarters. Go to his regular reception room.

MENSHEVIK: We'll talk to him right here.

NIKANOR: All rignt. Wait.

The telephone rings. Nikanor answers.

NIKANOR: Hello. Comrade Lenin is at a military conference just now. I can't disturb him. Oh, right away. I didn't recognize you over the phone, Comrade Stalin. Please excuse me. Wait just a minute. Vladimir Ilyich was just asking whether you had phoned.

Nikanor goes out. A pause. Enter Nikanor. Lenin at the threshold of the conference room.

LENIN *(at the conference door, loudly)*: Bear in mind that the Soviet power is checking up on its forces, and we shall remove and punish very severely all who take it into their heads not to obey the supreme organs of Soviet power. Very severely, not hesitating even to shoot them. *(Into the phone.)* Yes, this is Lenin. I'm not in a position to settle things with the comrades from the Baltic fleet by telephone. *(He listens.)* We've taken the telephone station? Order is being established? Splendid. How are things with the Baltic boys? How many men have they furnished for the front? Are those detachments provided with provisions? Will they send warships to the Neva? Check everything yourself, thoroughly. Very good, ascertain personally whether the comrades understand that the political situation has now developed into a military one, and that counter-revolution must be crushed without foolish compunctions. Yes, yes. We must be merciless, relentless toward all looters, cowards, strikebreakers, and elegant parliamentarians who know how to brandish paper swords, but flee from the real thing. Phone me, send messengers, keep me informed of everything that develops. *(He puts down the receiver.)*

SPOKESMAN: I have been commissioned to speak to you.

LENIN: By whom?

SPOKESMAN: The Railwaymen's Executive Committee won't budge an inch. They threaten to halt all train service unless. . . .

LENIN: Unless what?

SPOKESMAN: Unless you Bolsheviks make concessions.

LENIN: Concessions to whom?

SPOKESMAN: Our hair stands on end when we think of the morrow.

LENIN: It's not a good thing for hair to stand on end. Hair should be kept neat.

A door is flung open, and a sailor fresh from the battlefield enters. He is spattered with mud. A Winchester is slung across his back.

SAILOR: Excuse me, but is Comrade Stalin here?

LENIN: Stalin isn't in the Smolny just now.

SAILOR: Excuse me, but where can I find Lenin?

LENIN: What is it, comrade?

SAILOR: Excuse me, but you're Lenin?

LENIN: Yes.

SAILOR *(looks at Lenin for a second, smiles broadly and salutes)*: Excuse me, now I recognize you. I've been sent to you from the front, from Tsarskoye Selo. By morning we'll be without a single shell for our cannon. There are shells in the Peter and Paul Fortress. They must be delivered to the front.

LENIN: That's something we must settle at once.

NIKANOR: There isn't a single truck in the city. It's night, and they're all transporting people to the front.

While he speaks a student enters.

STUDENT: We have only two armored cars at the Smolny, on guard service.

LENIN: But the shells must be there by morning, isn't that so?

SAILOR: Yes.

NIKANOR: I don't know what to do.

LENIN: We must work out something. *(Pacing the room.)* What forms of transportation are there?

NIKANOR: Railway.

LENIN: No go.

STUDENT: Automobile.

LENIN: But there isn't a single automobile available, is there?

SAILOR: Water transportation, including river and other kinds. All kinds of wagons.

LENIN: Wagons, that's a form of transportation, too.

SAILOR: I don't deny it, Vladimir Ilyich.

LENIN: Go with the comrades to the office manager of the Council of Peoples Commissars.

SAILOR: Right.

LENIN: Get a list of Petrograd teamsters.

SAILOR: That's clear enough.

LENIN: Take some Red Guards along to help you, drive around and wake up every single teamster. Make them haul the shells from the Peter and Paul Fortress.

SAILOR: We'll wake them up all right. That's fine.

LENIN: Phone me in an hour and tell me what you've accomplished.

SAILOR: Right. Please settle a question for me.

LENIN: What is it?

SAILOR: I must answer my commissar. Shall I send him a despatch saying that he'll get the shells?

LENIN: Yes, do.

SAILOR: Without going into details, I can say: "Lenin has said you will get the shells."

LENIN: So that's settled.

SAILOR: May I go?

LENIN: Yes.

The sailor salutes and goes out, the student following him. Lenin goes back to the conference through the

door on the right. Enter Chibisov and Shadrin.

CHIBISOV: Comrade Nikanor, I've carried out all my assignments. Now I ask you to send my detachment to the front at Gatchina.

NIKANOR *(to Shadrin)*: Are you with him, comrade?

SHADRIN: I'm not here on my own, I've come to speak for the soldiers. We've also decided to go to the front to fight Kerensky.

NIKANOR: Are you ready to go right away?

SHADRIN: What's there to wait for?

CHIBISOV: We workers are new to fighting. Give us some kind of a commander.

NIKANOR *(indicating Shadrin)*: Here's a commander for you. *(To Shadrin)* You're not afraid of the job, are you?

SHADRIN: I've brains enough to handle a company.

CHIBISOV: I know this soldier.

NIKANOR: Then what are you waiting for?

CHIBISOV: He has some soldiers with him.

NIKANOR: Form the soldiers and workers into one detachment and get going. *(He turns to the sailor at the typewriter.)* Type out credentials in two copies.

SAILOR: What detachment?

NIKANOR: Call it the Workers' and Peasants' Detachment.

SAILOR: Whose signature?

NIKANOR: Write, the headquarters of the revolutionary front.

The Mensheviks and S.-Rs. are still pacing excitedly.

SPOKESMAN: We are the authorized representatives of democracy.

NIKANOR: Of what democracy? You mean, of the Mensheviks? Eh?

SPOKESMAN: We have been commissioned by the vital forces of democracy to get the Smolny leaders to prevent this madness. Tomorrow shells will burst in Petrograd. The staffs at the fronts are giving General Krasnov the best troops.

CHIBISOV: What did you think —that the generals would rip off their own epaulets and become Socialists? No, there'll be a struggle, there'll be war to the finish. But we'll win, for we are the only party which is not afraid of the struggle and is ready for any war against the capitalists.

Shadrin watches Chibisov with amazement.

SPOKESMAN: Socialism through war?

CHIBISOV: And what did you think? That Socialism would be served up to you on a platter?

SPOKESMAN: With your own hands you are transforming a great country into another ruins of Pompeii, you are creating a volcano that will sweep away both you and us and will bury all the gains of the Revolution.

Enter Lenin.

LENIN *(at the conference door)*: I repeat, the political situation has now developed into a military one. We cannot permit a Kerensky victory, for then we should have neither peace nor freedom. The political task and the military task is to organize a General Staff, to concentrate material forces, to provide the soldiers with everything they need. This must be done without losing a single hour, a single minute, in order that we may continue to hold the upper hand. *(To Nikanor)* Comrade Nikanor, we are now leaving for the front with the comrades.

SPOKESMAN: Comrade Lenin....

LENIN: You lie, sir, I'm no comrade of yours.

SPOKESMAN: We should like to talk about the basic questions of the Revolution.

LENIN: The basic questions of

the Revolution are being decided by the armed masses.

SPOKESMAN: But the vital forces of society. . . .

LENIN: Vital forces is a phrase in which there is no meaning. In the terminology of the class struggle your vital forces are the bourgeoisie, before whom you tremble. And, besides, have you a pass to the Smolny?

SPOKESMAN: I don't understand. *(He takes out a pass.)* Here you are. *(His associates do likewise.)*

LENIN: Give them to me. *(He takes the passes, examines them, tears them up, and turns to Shadrin.)* Comrade . . . .

SHADRIN: Who, me?

LENIN: Yes, you. Escort these worthy gentlemen downstairs to the front exit and tell the commandant's office never to admit them again.

SPOKESMAN: This is monstrous. This is incredible. . . .

CHIBISOV: It shall be done, Vladimir Ilyich. *(The Socialist-Revolutionaries and Mensheviks are led out.)*

LENIN: Very good. That's how they should always be treated.

NIKANOR: I'll go and get your car ready.

LENIN: Good. *(To the commissar.)* Hello, comrade. What's on your mind?

COMMISSAR: I've been waiting for you. . . . Excuse me, but I don't understand at all. I've been made a commissar. What am I to do?

LENIN *(gaily)*: How should I know?

COMMISSAR: How is that? You don't know, either!

LENIN: On my word I don't. I've never been a commissar myself, and I've no idea what they do.

COMMISSAR: It's very hard to do a thing when no one knows what it is.

LENIN: Very, very hard. Unbelievably hard.

COMMISSAR: But just the same, Vladimir Ilyich, what, for example, should a Bolshevik commissar do?

LENIN: Everything, everything, everything.

COMMISSAR: You've got me stumped.

LENIN: Now that's bad.

Enter a liaison man.

LIAISON MAN *(to Lenin)*: I'm a liaison man. Comrade Stalin ordered me to report what the comrades of the Baltic Fleet have done in Helsingfors.

LENIN: Report.

LIAISON MAN: About five thousand sailors have set out for Gatchina. The battleship *Republic* and torpedo boats have steamed off for Petrograd. All your orders have been carried out by the comrades of the Baltic Fleet. Are there any further orders?

LENIN: Inform me the moment the troops and ships arrive, wherever I may be.

LIAISON MAN: Right!

LENIN: You may go. . . . *(Liaison man leaves.)* Well, what kind of commissar have they made you?

COMMISSAR: Commissar of fuel.

LENIN: Then what are you worried about? It's splendid that they've made you fuel commissar. First of all, keep your wits about you, my dear comrade, and rely on the workers.

COMMISSAR: Right.

LENIN *(continuing)*: Check up on each and every person, take no one's word for fact. . . .

COMMISSAR: Good.

LENIN: Keep the strictest account of every pood of coal, every stick of wood. If you observe these simple rules everything will go fine, believe me.

COMMISSAR: Good.

LENIN: Have you any more questions?

COMMISSAR: I guess I really haven't.

LENIN: Then I have a question.

Scene on the steps of the Smolny

COMMISSAR: Yes, Vladimir Ilyich?

LENIN: When are you starting work?

COMMISSAR: Tomorrow morning.

LENIN: Why not today?

COMMISSAR: It's night now, Vladimir Ilyich.

LENIN: And why can't you work at night? No, please, *(with an insistence that admits of no argument)* go to Sverdlov right now. He'll give you good people. He knows Petrograd like he knows his own five fingers. And please don't fall asleep on the job.

COMMISSAR: I won't. I'm going to start right away.

NIKANOR: Vladimir Ilyich, the car is ready.

LENIN: Let's go, comrades.

SCENE 4

Lenin alone in his study in Smolny.

LENIN *(at the phone)*: Connect me with the editorial office of *Pravda*.... Lenin speaking. Who is this? How are you, comrade? There's been no one here, we've only just returned from the front. Here's what I wanted to talk to you about, comrade: I should like *Pravda* to write about heroic experiences, the experiences of simple, ordinary people. We must find capable newspaper workers, intelligent and sensitive people, who can *quickly*, and, most important of all, truthfully portray reality. It is very important, for example, to talk to ordinary, simple soldiers, to understand what they are thinking, to get from them what is most important, necessary and decisive, and write about it in clear and understandable Russian. There. ... It seems to me, too, that

it's very important. That's all, for now. Goodbye, comrade.

Lenin paces the room, then again goes to the phone.

LENIN: Do you know whether Stalin is at home or not? Where is he then? Find out and let me know. Only please make your ring a short one, people are sleeping here. *(The phone rings.)* He's at headquarters, eh? Connect me with headquarters. Tell Comrade Stalin that Lenin would like to speak to him over the phone. I'll hold the wire. . . . I haven't taken you away from your work, have I, Comrade Stalin? Here's what I wanted to tell you: I've read your draft declaration of the rights of the peoples. Here's what I think of it: This declaration of the rights of peoples is the beginning of the abolition of racial and national inequality on earth. It will become the basis of the future Constitution of the Soviet state. No, no, it's all clear. And everyone can understand it, the Kirghiz, the Kabardinian, the Chuvash. The man in the street can understand it. We'll sign this document jointly. It must be distributed throughout the country as quickly as possible. What are you doing right now? Ah. . . . Sending off detachments. As soon as you finish, come here. No, no, don't worry. I'm not going to bed. No point to it. It's already morning. Exactly. I've given up regular hours. *(Glances at the clock.)* Half-past six. And I've a pile of work to do, and questions that must be decided at once. Well, I'll expect you. *(Sits at the desk, goes on working).*

SCENE 5

In front of the Smolny. At the gate, a group of sailors headed by Dymov is relieving the guard. Sleepy soldiers are warming themselves at open fires. A Petersburg dawn.

A SOLDIER. Baltic, what's the time now?

DYMOV: 6 : 37 a. m.

SOLDIER: Thanks for the service, Baltic.

DYMOV: I serve the toiling people, infantry.

SOLDIER: I'm not infantry, I'm cavalry.

DYMOV: Cavalry ought to be out on the move.

SOLDIER: We're awaiting the orders of the Revolutionary Military Committee.

DYMOV: In that case, excuse me.

SOLDIER: Forget it.

A commissar comes by.

DYMOV: Your pass. *(The commissar shows it.)* Pass, comrade commissar.

Nadya and Katya enter.

KATYA *(to Nadya)*: Well, here we are, but why we came I don't know. You talk to the sailor yourself—I won't.

NADYA: What's the matter, are you dumb?

KATYA: Are you?

NADYA: Is it so hard for you to ask?

KATYA: Is it so hard for you to?

DYMOV: Who is it you're lonesome for so early in the morning, my dears?

KATYA: You drop that, comrade sailor. Save the kidding for tomorro .

DYMOV: I can wait. But tell me, what brings you here?

A group of workers enter.

WORKER: We're from the Vyborg side.

DYMOV: It isn't written on your faces. Your pass.

Worker hands him a pass.

DYMOV: One for the lot of you? Pass, Vyborg.

KATYA: You see, her husband came here last night and isn't back yet.

DYMOV: Very strange. Went away last night and isn't back yet. I left home more than four years ago and can't get back nohow. I'm amazed at it myself.

NADYA: The war swallowed up my husband for two years and nine months.

Workers enter.

WORKER *(showing a pass)*: Leather Workers' Union.

DYMOV: Pass, Leather Workers' Union. *(To Nadya)* Your husband, I'm sorry, but I haven't heard about him. Don't know him.

NADYA: Be a good fellow, try and think, he's fresh from the trenches. He'd only just turned up and was off again.

DYMOV: That, of course, wasn't very nice of him.

KATYA: You sailors. Always kidding.

DYMOV: I had a very affectionate mother, and I've been a jolly lad ever since.

A voice off stage shouts: "Make way for the 'Aurora'!" A group of sailors from the "Aurora" appear.

DYMOV: Pass, *Aurora*. *(Now a group of peasants enter. Dymov stops the sailor Volodya, sent by Lenin to mobilize teamsters.)* Volodya, old-timer, greetings! Don't you care to recognize your own shipmates?

VOLODYA: Excuse me, Comrade Dymov, looks like I'm beginning to fall asleep on my feet.

Enter Mensheviks. Dymov halts them.

DYMOV: Your pass. Show your pass, comrades. *(The Mensheviks hold out a pass.)* We won't admit you.

MENSHEVIK: We've just been delegated by the Railwaymen's Executive Committee. . . .

DYMOV: You may be delegated by the lord god himself and by the mother of god, but we'll never admit you.

MENSHEVIK: Is that so? If that's the case, tell your leaders that so long as they are in power, not a single train will move.

DYMOV *(to guards)*: Show these gentlemen to their carriage.

MENSHEVIK: We're going, we're submitting to force.

DYMOV *(to Volodya)*: What makes you look so blue, Volodya?

VOLODYA: I said shoot the junkers. But we took pity on them and let them go on their word of honor.

DYMOV: What makes you think of junkers all of a sudden?

VOLODYA: Nothing just now, but they're going to give us a performance tomorrow. The city is full of bourgeoisie. There are so many bourgeoisie in Petersburg it's a nightmare.

DYMOV: Volodya, don't start a scare. We'll soon take an inventory of the bourgeoisie. You'll be head bookkeeper.

General laughter.

DYMOV: Where to, Volodya?

VOLODYA: I sent some shells off to the front at Lenin's orders and now I'm heading there myself.

DYMOV: You and me weren't born to be kept apart. When I'm relieved I'll head for the front, too. Well, so long.

VOLODYA: You're just the same as ever.

DYMOV: I'll die with a smile on my lips.

Dymov turns to peasants who come up to the gate.

DYMOV: Where to, pop?

PEASANT: Has work at Smolny started yet?

DYMOV: No let-up since November Seventh.

PEASANT: Day and night?

DYMOV: Day and night, pop. Speak up, where are you going?

PEASANT: We're from Novgorod.

DYMOV: You're deputies, delegates, eh? Have you got papers?

PEASANT: What do you suppose? Here it is. *(He hands Dymov a long document.)* It's the resolution passed by our township.

DYMOV: Phew, it's long enough to be a whole book.

PEASANT: Eight hundred and five signatures. We've been commissioned to see Lenin.

DYMOV *(returning the paper)*: Step right in.

PEASANT *(to Dymov)*: But is Lenin here?

DYMOV: Yes.

PEASANT *(to the others with him)*: Come along, fellows.

The peasants pass inside.

DYMOV *(to his comrades)*: It's a good thing for him he got here early, so many peasants come nowadays. Mother Earth herself is rising. *(He sees Katya and Nadya standing to one side.)* Are you still eating your hearts out?

NADYA: Be a good fellow, give us a chance to find him.

DYMOV: Find who?

NADYA: The soldier, Ivan Shadrin.

DYMOV: Oh, Ivan Shadrin. What sort of a man can he be to make such a fine woman suffer like this. What am I to do with you, my dears? There are thousands of Shadrins here.

NADYA: We'll spot him right away, there's only one Shadrin. You just let us in.

DYMOV: With all my heart, but what's the sense in it? Maybe he's serving somewhere, like me?

KATYA: No, he isn't, he's on leave.

DYMOV: All Russia is on leave nowadays. What's to be done with you? *(To his comrades)* What do you say, shall we let them in? All right, let 'em look.

NADYA: We'll be very quiet, we're. . . .

SAILOR: We're not supposed to, but they won't do any harm.

DYMOV: Go ahead. I'm sorry for you. Before we know it you'll be crying here. And salt water always gets a sailor. . . .

A detachment of Red Guards and soldiers marches out of the Smolny. They are commanded by Shadrin.

NADYA *(catching sight of Shadrin)*: There he is himself, here he comes! Ivan, Ivan!

DYMOV: You don't have to yell. Take it easy.

NADYA: There he is!

DYMOV: And it turns out I do know him. Shadrin! Here's someone to see you.

NADYA: Ivan.

SHADRIN: What the hell. What brings you here?

The young soldier Larion comes running up.

LARION *(to Shadrin)*: Comrade commander, they're all waiting for you.

Shadrin goes out with Larion. Enter Chibisov. Katya flings herself on him.

KATYA: Nikolai! I know you're going off to the front. But, well, I won't start crying like Nadya. Don't worry about us. We'll manage.

CHIBISOV: Let me kiss you goodbye.

Chibisov goes out. An officer in disguise enters.

DYMOV: Show your pass, comrade. *(Glances at the pass.)* It's in order. *(He looks the man over and his gaze rests on the officer's overshoes.)* This pass doesn't belong to you.

OFFICER: You lie! That's my personal pass.

DYMOV: I can see that's a lie by your face and your rubbers. What's your rank, mister officer?

Red Guards, soldiers and sailors gather around, murmuring.

DYMOV: Be so kind as to go to the commandant's office without making a fuss.

OFFICER: On what grounds? I protest.

DYMOV: I've done all the explaining I'm going to. I advise you not to resist.

The officer is led off before the crowd that curses him as he passes. Shadrin comes out again. Nadya flings herself on him.

NADYA: I won't let you go, I won't let you go! I'll block your way! I won't let you go.

SHADRIN: I've never lifted a finger against you, but so help me god, I'm going to smack you.

NADYA: For two years now you've been wandering from front to front, and now you're going off again, though we've hardly seen each other.

SHADRIN *(turning to Chibisov)*: Nikolai, come here. *(Chibisov goes to him.)* Comrade Chibisov, you explain to her, you're more experienced. I can't.

CHIBISOV: Comrade. . . .

SHADRIN: Her name is Nadya.

CHIBISOV: Comrade Nadya, judge for yourself. . . .

NADYA: You've taken my husband away, and that's enough from you. Go and convince your own woman.

CHIBISOV: Listen to that, will you!

NADYA: Don't butt in on other people's business.

CHIBISOV: I didn't mean. . . of course it's. . . excuse me. . . .

NIKANOR: Chibisov, you're wanted at headquarters.

Chibisov goes out.

SHADRIN: Nadya, where did you get like that?

Larion lines up soldiers and Red Guards.

SHADRIN (*affectionately*): Look, Nadya, I'll tell you the truth. I had a talk with Lenin. I haven't time now, Nadya. I'll tell you about it later. Only this, for the peasants things have worked out so that it's a case of either we put an end to the war and get land for ourselves or we get the yoke back on our necks for the rest of our lives.

NADYA: Who says that?

SHADRIN: Lenin.

Enter Stalin and Chibisov, with others from headquarters.

CHIBISOV: Here are our men, comrade.

STALIN: Good morning, comrades. (*The men respond.*) I see some of our old acquaintances here. It's a very good thing that you are going with the Red Guards. They'll teach you military tactics. Have you plenty of cartridges?

YOUNG SOLDIER: Enough for Kerensky.

STALIN: That's a thrifty fellow. An old soldier. Were you in the storming of the palace?

YOUNG SOLDIER: Yes.

STALIN: Have you taken bread with you?

SHADRIN: Yes.

STALIN: Are you the commander? How are you, comrade commander? What do you think, comrade commander, will you justify the workers' faith in you?

SHADRIN: I am ready to die.

STALIN: Why be in a hurry about dying? We're only just beginning to live. Death is a matter of chance. Let's think of living. You have never done any commanding before, have you?

SHADRIN: Never in my life.

STALIN: Well, forget it. Our commanders are advanced by the people itself. What can be a greater honor? *(Turning to the crowd.)* What do you think, comrades? Does a soldier who has fought at the front know his business worse than an officer?

ALL: Of course not. The soldiers bore the whole war on their backs.

STALIN *(to Chibisov)*: Are you and he friends?

CHIBISOV: We became friends in the Revolution.

STALIN: There is nothing finer than such friendship. Consult each other, help each other, be considerate of people, look after them. And one more bit of advice, comrades: cherish like the apple of your eye our sacred union of the workers and the peasants. This we are taught by the greatest and best man of our epoch, Comrade Lenin.

ALL: Long live Comrade Lenin! Long live Soviet power!

SHADRIN: Peasants! Never before did they give a soldier a rifle without an oath of allegiance! Hats off! We swear, comrade workers, that we will never go back on you! That's our final word!

STALIN: A good word, comrade commander.

SHADRIN: Attention! Shoulder arms!

STALIN: No mercy to the enemies of the working people! Honor and glory to the fighters for the Revolution!

SHADRIN: Forward, march!

ACT THREE

SCENE 1

On the road to Petrograd.

SHADRIN: Is it cavalry or infantry we're up against? We haven't any field glasses.

CHIBISOV: Which are more dangerous, cavalry or infantry?

SHADRIN: The Cossacks are very dangerous if you're not ready for them. But infantry are dangerous too.

Enter lieutenant who was at headquarters.

LIEUTENANT: Comrade commanders, is this the mixed regiment from the Smolny?

SHADRIN: Yes, comrade commander. . .

LIEUTENANT: I've been put in charge of the Pulkovo military sector. Your detachment is under my command. *(To a sailor.)* Draw up both batteries to the right of the bridge. We've enough shells for them.

SAILOR: One hundred and twenty shells to a gun.

LIEUTENANT: Begin action. Comrade Dymov, have your detachment take up its position under cover of the batteries.

DYMOV: Yes, comrade commander. *(He leaves.)*

LIEUTENANT *(to Shadrin and Chibisov)*: Comrade commanders, try to sound out the enemy's soldiers.

SHADRIN: How?

LIEUTENANT: You yourselves figure out a way and go ahead with it, don't be afraid. *(He leaves.)*

SHADRIN: That's what Lenin said, too, don't be afraid.

Two Red Guards march in with a prisoner.

LARION: Comrade commander, we've taken a prisoner.

SHADRIN: Bring him here. *(The prisoner stands there with bared head. He exhibits great fear.)*

SHADRIN: Your name?

PRISONER: Makushkin,

SHADRIN: Private?

PRISONER: Yes.

SHADRIN: Who are you fighting against?

PRISONER: I don't know.

SHADRIN: Then why do you fight, you damn fool? *(The prisoner is silent.)* If I smacked you on the jaw, maybe you'd understand.

CHIBISOV: Shadrin, that's not the way to go about it.

SHADRIN: What should we do, kiss them? They shoot us, don't they?

CHIBISOV: The fellow doesn't know what it's all about.

SHADRIN: How is it I know? We've all been through the same

university. *(To the prisoner.)* Put your cap on, you'll catch cold. *(The prisoner puts his cap on.)* Are you infantry or cavalry there?

PRISONER: Infantry.

SHADRIN: Are you troops from the rear or called in from the front?

PRISONER: We were recalled from the trenches.

SHADRIN: The bastards, they're opening the front.

PRISONER: It's not our fault, we were sent here.

SHADRIN: I'm not talking about you. Here's a problem now, what to do with him. Shoot him and be done with it since he's gone against the people, or what? Treat him kindly?

PRISONER: Brothers, why talk like that?

SHADRIN: What were you poking around here for? Looking for something you lost?

PRISONER: We were sent out as scouts. . . .

SHADRIN: You know what happens to scouts, don't you?

PRISONER: Have pity.

CHIBISOV *(to the prisoner)*: Keep still. *(To Shadrin)* Come on, Comrade Shadrin, let's have a conference. I've got an idea.

SHADRIN: Come on.

They confer aside. The prisoner does not take his eyes from them. Shadrin and Chibisov come over to him.

SHADRIN *(taking a notebook from Chibisov)*: They'll know it's from a soldier by the handwriting. I'll begin like this: *(writing)* "You damn fools, what are you fighting for?" *(To Chibisov)* Is that a good way to start?

CHIBISOV: Go ahead.

SHADRIN: What kind of a mark do I put here?

CHIBISOV: A question mark.

SHADRIN: Fine. *(writing)* "We can shoot, too, but let's talk it over first." *(He writes the rest of the note in silence.)*

CHIBISOV *(to the prisoner)*: Who's your commander?

PRISONER: Colonel Sobsovich.

CHIBISOV: Where's Kerensky?

PRISONER: I don't know. They say he's in one of the palaces somewhere.

SHADRIN: So you're defending the palaces, eh?

PRISONER: We don't know what we're defending.

Shadrin gives the prisoner the note which he has written.

SHADRIN: Here, take this back to your regiment and have everybody read it. Make it snappy.

PRISONER: Is that all?

SHADRIN: But watch out, if you spill even a single drop of our blood, we'll. . . . Scram double quick.

PRISONER: I'll never forget this. . . .

SHADRIN: Scram, I said. *(The prisoner leaves.)* It looks like we're getting somewhere, eh? If they give us the signal, will you come along with me?

CHIBISOV: Of course.

SHADRIN: You've got guts.

CHIBISOV: What did you think I had?

SHADRIN: You're a civilian, after all. But together we'll do a good job. Tell me, how will we do the negotiating?

CHIBISOV: We'll go out together, we'll separate so as to reach more people. So you'll have to speak on your own, Shadrin.

SHADRIN: No, no, no, I won't speak. You're a Party member, you'll do the speaking and I'll just stand by.

CHIBISOV: Tell me, what province are you from?

SHADRIN: Rakitin village, Tambov Province.

CHIBISOV: And are they all the quiet kind out there?

SHADRIN: Every one of us. I won't speak, no matter what you do.

CHIBISOV: In other words you're dumb as an ox.

SHADRIN: Maybe I'm like an ox, but I'm not going to speak.

CHIBISOV: And I had hoped you'd develop into a fearless fighter for the Revolution.

SHADRIN: When it comes to fighting, I'm not afraid of my neck. But I just can't speak.

CHIBISOV: It takes more than one kind of weapon to win a revolution. The right words can be stronger than machine-guns and cannon. I'm ashamed to look at you after this. You're a big disappointment to me, Comrade Ivan.

SHADRIN: What a nag you are. Let me be. What do you want with me? I just can't speak.

CHIBISOV: Why not, dumbell?

SHADRIN *(despondently)*: I'm afraid. I get embarrassed. My tongue refuses to work, my legs won't hold me up, I lose control of myself and run off. You ought to understand a simple fellow. Here you're throwing me into the sea, when I haven't even been near a decent-sized river.

CHIBISOV: Nobody wants to make an orator out of you. It wouldn't suit you.

SHADRIN: Well, then, what'll we do?

CHIBISOV: You and I go there. We say hello to them.

SHADRIN: All right, and then?

CHIBISOV: You start in about Kerensky.

SHADRIN: I can do that all right.

CHIBISOV: They'll ask you questions.

SHADRIN: So we'll have a talk.

CHIBISOV: And most important of all, Ivan, you tell them about your talk with Lenin.

SHADRIN: That I'll do gladly, it'll be a great pleasure to tell them. I guess I can manage it.

LARION: Comrade commander, they're giving us the signal!

SHADRIN *(handing his gun to Larion)*: If we're not back in an hour, go into action, and notify headquarters.

LARION: Right. We'll go into action all right.

CHIBISOV: Sure thing. Hoist the sails, Shadrin. Let's go!

SCENE 2

In the same region, heights near Pulkovo. A section of the Kerensky lines. All the soldiers wear shoulder-straps. They are tense with expectation. Many of them are staring off to one side.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER: Are all rifles loaded? I think we ought to get a machine-gun ready for action. Who knows what these Soviets may do? You hear what the commander read us about them, didn't you?

MAKUSHKIN: But I'm telling you they're ordinary people.

N.C.O.: They wanted to shoot you, didn't they?

MAKUSHKIN: Naturally. That's war. Sure they might have.

N.C.O.: All right, shut up. Get the machine-gun ready. And keep your eyes open.

They're coming.

There they are. There's two of them.

One's a civilian.

They're unarmed.

SOLDIERS: They've got guts.

The soldier looks rough. He's an old front-line fighter by all the signs.

Look, the civilian is going off to the right.

Looks like negotiations.

Shadrin appears.

SHADRIN: Well, how are you, you Kerensky men?

N.C.O.: So you're the Soviets.

SHADRIN: You've had a taste of Kerensky. *(He winks at an elderly soldier.)* Well, how do you like it, pop?

ELDERLY SOLDIER: Don't you propagandize me. Begin your negotiations.

SHADRIN: I've come on very important business. Is this a company or regiment here?

N.C.O.: That's a military secret.

SHADRIN: That's not why I asked. I wanted to talk to all your people.

N.C.O.: We're certainly not going to sound assembly for you.

SHADRIN: Anyhow, let's sit down, eh? Have you got a smoke? I guess they're keeping you better supplied now when they're leading you against the people than when you were fighting the Germans.

ELDERLY SOLDIER: Get down to business. You're not making a social call. If you're an agitator, better pick yourself up and beat it back while you're still all together. We're rough on agitators.

N.C.O.: It'll cost you your life and you'll get us into trouble.

SHADRIN: What's an agitator? I don't know what that is. I'm a soldier, I've fought at the front like all of you, and I've come to talk to you about things that concern the soldier.

N.C.O.: There's nothing to talk about here. Come over to our side and don't waste time.

SHADRIN: First let's get together and think about who should come over to whom?

ELDERLY SOLDIER: You've got us into trouble, you son of a bitch. Here comes our commander. Now we're both in for it.

Enter an officer.

OFFICER *(highly excited)*: Where are those agitators? Where are those Bolsheviks? Ah, there's one of them! Take him away! Where's the other? I've been informed that two of them came over from the Red lines.

N.C.O.: The other one's gone over to the right, lieutenant.

OFFICER: Which of you is responsible for this little gettogether?

N.C.O.: It's not... we only....

OFFICER: You should have arrested him and brought him to Colonel Sobsovich at headquarters.

N.C.O.: Yes, lieutenant.

SHADRIN: Take me away, lieutenant, take me away.

N.C.O.: Keep your mouth shut.

OFFICER: The impudence of them! You'll answer with your head for every Red. Take them to the colonel at once. He knows how to handle them. Where's the other one? Gone to the right, you say?

N.C.O.: Yes, sir.

The officer leaves.

ELDERLY SOLDIER: Thank the lord we weren't arrested with him. Should we search him?

N.C.O.: We weren't ordered to. They'll search him at headquarters. *(To Shadrin.)* Step forward, and listen. If you try to run for it, you know what'll happen to you? That's all. Come along.

SHADRIN: Are you taking me to be shot?

ELDERLY SOLDIER: That's none of our business.

SHADRIN: Take me then, go ahead.

N.C.O.: You knew the chance you were taking. Well, now you're going to headquarters.

MAKUSHKIN: It's not fair. They let me go, as if I was a brother of theirs, and we're taking him to headquarters.

He's done for, you know it yourself.

N.C.O.: You keep quiet. Do you want to join him?

MAKUSHKIN: Take me too. I say we're going back on our word. Why did we signal them to come? Why give them the signal and then hand them over to our officers?

The soldiers gather.

ELDERLY SOLDIER: I'm not going to get myself shot for his sake.

N.C.O.: Stop talking, that's an order! *(To Shadrin)* Forward, march!

SHADRIN: What's the rush, soldier? Have they shot too few of us? They've got time, don't be afraid.

ELDERLY SOLDIER: Why should we sacrifice ourselves with him? The colonel would bury us alive.

N.C.O.: You, prisoner, two steps forward, march! — the rest of you disperse.

MAKUSHKIN: At least let the fellow tell us what he came for.

N.C.O.: I can't.

ELDERLY SOLDIER: We'll be sunk. We'll all be sunk.

SHADRIN: Here's what I wanted to tell you, my friends: The other day I had a talk with Lenin.

N.C.O. *(in surprise)*: You're a liar.

SHADRIN: So help me god!

N.C.O.: Cross yourself.

SHADRIN: There. *(He crosses himself.)*

ELDERLY SOLDIER: What's he like?

SHADRIN: He's one of us.

ELDERLY SOLDIER: A soldier?

SHADRIN: Listen to that, will you. He's a leader, a great man. The whole world knows him.

A SOLDIER: What kind of government has he set up?

SHADRIN: A workers' and peasants' government.

A SOLDIER: And the land? What about the land?

SHADRIN: Now that's the most important thing of all, and you want to take me to headquarters! There's plenty of time for that.

Other soldiers come up.

SOLDIERS: Arrested? What for?

MAKUSHKIN: He talked with Lenin.

SOLDIERS: What's Lenin like? Let him tell us.

N.C.O.: I can't. It's against the regulations. It would be the finish of me and of others with me.

SHADRIN: All right, take me away, let 'em shoot me.

MAKUSHKIN: Don't listen to him. Tell us about Lenin.

SHADRIN: But the man's afraid for his life. Who wants to die on account of somebody else? Let's go.

ELDERLY SOLDIER: Stop. Tell us what he said to you.

SHADRIN: What who said?

ELDERLY SOLDIER: This Ilyich... Lenin.

SHADRIN: All right.

And it was not they who led Shadrin, but Shadrin who led them. Soldiers in twos and threes join the listeners, asking in whispers what is going on. Lenin's name is uttered frequently.

N.C.O.: Well, go ahead and talk. Make it snappy.

SHADRIN: I met him, *(he points to the nearest soldier)* I met him as I meet you. But I could tell it was no ordinary man. Then who was it? Just imagine. He stopped and looked at my rifle. He's got a look that takes in everything. And it's a merry one. To tell you the truth, I got a little bashful. And what was there to look at, you'd say. Just a soldier with a gun. But not for him. He finds out right away why you're holding that rifle, how you feel, who you are for and what's on your mind. That's the kind of a man he is. But I didn't know who he was. I just stood there, blinking like an owl. I was after some tea, that's all, and there before me stood Lenin. And what do you think? He not only learned all about my life, but I don't even know how to tell you what he did to me. Believe me, comrades, I forgot where I was, what I was, whom I was with. Only I was ready to pour out my heart to him, he was so much like you and me, and such an understanding kind of man. We all know Lenin is a people's leader. But I didn't expect,

I didn't guess that he understood so well even the most ordinary soldier.

All stand there thoughtful.

SHADRIN: That's all, fellows. Well, now what? Take me to your headquarters.

ELDERLY SOLDIER: Where's *your* headquarters?

SHADRIN: I'm my own headquarters.

ELDERLY SOLDIER: Soldiers, I think we've got to join his headquarters.

N.C.O.: You think so? Well, better test out your thinker again.

ELDERLY SOLDIER: I'm like everybody else. But I'm not going to take him to headquarters.

SHADRIN: Comrades, I'm no orator, and what I wanted to tell you—wait—here comes one of my men on the run. *(Enter the young soldier, Larion. He has been running very fast. His breath comes hard. He is very excited.)*

LARION: Hey, you Kerensky defenders, tell me what have you done with our people's commanders? We give you five minutes to answer, and if our people's commanders are in any danger, we're going to open up a barrage on you that'll make you think hell's broke loose. Look, we have two machine-guns on that tower. Behind that hill are two field batteries, we've set up eight machine-gun nests on roof-tops, and back there are fifty thousand infantry ready for action. Hand over our commanders.

SHADRIN: Here I am. Don't scare them for nothing.

LARION: Comrade commander, the soldiers are worried about you.

N.C.O. *(to his men)*: Did you ever hear of anything like that? They defend him as if he was Stenka Razin.

SHADRIN *(to Larion)*: Listen, Larion, have you got any copies of the decree you gave me to read yesterday?

LARION: I have, comrade commander.

SHADRIN: Hand them out, it'll put some sense into their heads.

LARION: Right, comrade commander. *(He hands out the leaflets.)* Read the kind of laws we make. See, it's signed by Lenin, and it's for all time. While you're dressing up to the generals, we're taking over their estates.

The soldiers read the Decree on Land.

ELDERLY SOLDIER: That's Ilyich for you. You can do as you please, but as for me, I'm off to Lenin.

N.C.O.: Yes! I'm through with the old regime forever.

He rips off his shoulder-straps. The other soldiers do likewise.

SHADRIN: What troops are those coming? They're not ours, are they? Do you know?

N.C.O.: They're not ours.

SHADRIN: Down! Spread out!

ELDERLY SOLDIER: Shall we fire?

SHADRIN: Don't fire until you get the command to. *(He shouts to one side.)* Hey, you fellows! Who are you?

A VOICE: Who are you?

SHADRIN *(shouting)*: The fighting can wait a while. Let's have a talk. Send some delegates over.

Enter Lopukhov and Yevtushenko.

SHADRIN: Lopukhov! Yevtushenko! Buddies!

YEVTUSHENKO: Ivan! Eh, you old war horse. What are you doing here?

SHADRIN: I was just going into action against you.

YEVTUSHENKO: You must be nuts. . . . We're your buddies.

SHADRIN: And we're your buddies.

LOPUKHOV: Wait a minute, Shadrin. Drop the funny stuff. This isn't the time for it. We'll

tell you straight, we're quitting Kerensky. We're going to support the Soviets. If you try to stop us we'll have to give you a licking.

Shadrin and Yevtushenko are hugging each other. The sailor Dymov appears.

DYMOV: Soldiers, I thought we were going to have to use our hands for a bit of scrapping, but here you are hugging each other instead. Enough of that, soldiers.

LOPUKHOV: How is it you're here, Shadrin? I thought you were going back to the farm.

SHADRIN: You see what kind of a farm....

LOPUKHOV: Who's your commander, Shadrin?

SHADRIN: I'm doing some commanding myself now. Let's go to headquarters.

Chibisov enters with the soldiers.

SHADRIN: You see this man, peasants? I'd lay down my life for him any time....

CHIBISOV: Comrades! We're going to Gatchina! To smash Kerensky. For peace, for land, for the workers' and peasants' power!

FINALE

In the Smolny. Soldiers, Red Guards, sailors, and a crowd of people. Lenin delivering a speech.

LENIN: Permit me to tell you about an incident that happened to me. It took place in a car on the Finland Railway, where I chanced to hear a conversation between several Finns and an old woman.

And listen to the idea the old woman expressed. She said: "Now we don't need to be afraid of the Man with the Gun. When I was in the forest, I met a man with a gun, and instead of his taking my firewood away from me, he gathered some more for me." When I heard this, I said to myself: "Let hundreds of newspapers, no matter what they call themselves—socialist, near-socialist and the like—let hundreds of the loudest voices shout at us: 'Dictators!' 'usurpers!' and the like—we know that the masses of the people now are saying something quite different.

They say to themselves: Now we don't have to be afraid of the Man with the Gun, because he is defending the working people and will crush the rule of the exploiters mercilessly. This is what the people have come to feel. That is why the agitation carried on by even simple, uneducated people is irresistible.

The workers and peasants are still timid, they still have not grasped the fact that they are now the ruling class. The Revolution could not at once create this realization in millions and millions of people who have been compelled by hunger and want, to slave away all their life under the lash. But the strength, the vitality, and the necessity of the October Revolution consists in the fact that it arouses new qualities, smashes old prejudices, shatters old ties, leads the working people out on the highway of the independent creation of a new life. The example of the Soviet Republic will stand before the whole world for a long time. Our Socialist Republic of Soviets will stand unwaveringly as a torch of international Socialism.

There — conflict, war, bloodshed, the sacrifice of millions of people, exploitation by capital.

Here — a genuine peace policy and a Socialist Republic of Soviets.

Photos used in our translation of *The Man With the Gun* are from the production of the Vakhtangov Theater, Moscow.

Mikhail Koltsov

Spanish Diary

August 9, 1936

I lunched at two with Colonel Sandino in his pavilion at the airdrome. The lunch-table was noisy with French and Spanish. Sandino said that so far everything was going splendidly. Today the Republicans took the island of Iviza. Majorca is now threatened on two sides—from Iviza and from Minorca. The Valencians have organized an expedition at their own expense and with their own men for the capture of Majorca. Outside Saragossa the Republicans are waiting for reinforcements from Barcelona before storming the town. This would mean the liquidation of the Aragon front. As a matter of fact "front" is not the right word. There are no closed fronts here in Spain, so far. There are only towns, isolated from one another, held either by the government authorities and the committees of the People's Front or by rebel officers. There is no connecting front between. In some places telephone and telegraphic services go on as if of themselves, rebel towns conversing with government citadels.

It was impossible to have a real talk—every minute we were interrupted, toasts were proposed, disputes arose. I was only able to ask Sandino if there was any single authority and what command all the military forces were under. He said there was, and that in Catalonia all the military forces were under his own command; he said he settled all general questions in agreement with Madrid.

Miguel Martinez, a Mexican Communist, a short man in spectacles, who, like me, had arrived in Barcelona the day before, was at the lunch. He had never lived in Spain. He had come to help things on, to give the Spanish Communist Party the benefit of his experience in Mexican civil war. Miguel Martinez' way here from France was round about. His documents were not in order and it would have taken too long to get a visa and a seat in a regular airplane. He asked André to help him. In a poky, typically writer's, flat crowded with visitors, André found a place in the kitchen where they could talk it over.

"Can you go to X. in an hour?"

"Yes."

"Be there tomorrow at 11 in the morning at the Mirabeau. Anybody will show it to you—it's a big café. You will be met there."

Miguel followed directions. He got to X. in the morning and went straight from the station to the café, carrying his suitcase. After a long wait he began to think that he had come for nothing. At two o'clock André himself appeared at the table. He made no apology for the delay.

"So, you got here all right. Let's

Excerpts from Diary kept by Mikhail Koltsov during his sojourn in Spain.

have a pernod. One day a book will have to be written about the morals of the technical intellectuals of France in the second quarter of the twentieth century. Let's see—two out of five comes to forty per cent. If forty per cent of our pilots are ready to fight fascism, it means seventy per cent will. The only question is—is it really forty per cent, and not twenty, or perhaps none at all."

"Pernod doesn't agree with me," said Miguel. "I'll have a vermouth. What's happened? Am I flying?"

"Five pilots were to have taken seven planes to Barcelona today. They were personally recommended to me and took money. Three of them came to me two hours ago in the airdrome and said they wouldn't go. They were quite funny about it: they said getting the money had been such a shock that they didn't require anything more stimulating. The French are always humorous on such occasions. He even asked me whether I intended reporting them to the police. This was of course particularly apt, because they knew I couldn't report them to the police. And though it didn't strike me as specially humorous, they enjoyed their joke."

"It might have been worse," said Miguel. "They behaved pretty well for swine. They might have taken the money, flown the airplanes to Franco, instead of to Barcelona, and got a second payment."

"You are a philosopher. But they may still do that. We have two pilots left. They promise to take three planes before nightfall. What they will do with them, we can't be sure. But it seems to me these two are decent lads. They didn't take money in advance. They didn't even mention money. But this won't do for you, Miguel. It would be better to lose a week than fall into the arms of Franco instead of José Diaz. You might even get shot before you had time to fall into Franco's arms."

"I can't lose a week," said Miguel. "In a week everything might be over in Spain. I'll fly. I'll try to fly."

"It's not a matter of trying. It's the pilot who'll try. Don't be unreasonable, Miguel! I gave you my word and I'll keep it, but I feel how unreasonable it is. I feel it particularly, because I'm going to fly with the other pilot myself. Pay for your vermouth and let's go. The Cagoulard toughs know all about our little business, and you may be sure the three pilots are in touch with them. They've been shadowing me all morning. We haven't a second to lose."

At the airdrome things looked extremely informal and neglected. Gendarmes were dozing over newspapers on the benches in front of the permit-offices. Mechanics were swearing in the bar. Airplanes were coming and going. An aviette was buzzing overhead. André walked through the hangars nonchalently, having a word with the workers; on the way, Miguel kept him in sight. His suit-case was a nuisance and a give-away; and he would have liked to leave it in the men's room, but was afraid of losing sight of André. In this desultory way they came up at last to a big two motor plane, the propeller of which was being quietly whirled into action. André chatted with a young fellow lying on the grass, when suddenly, without removing his cigarette from between his lips, he said to Miguel irritably:

"What are you waiting for?"

Miguel scrambled in immediately. Two persons were already seated in the plane. A sun-burned girl in a mackintosh, with a bunch of flowers in her hand, sat on a heap of long cylindrical bombs, next to an old man with grey hair neatly parted in the middle.

The young man on the grass got up and without a word of farewell to André got into the pilot's seat.

He had on neither helmet, nor gloves, not even a cap. André called to a worker who withdrew the block from under the wheel and the plane rose to a great height immediately, veering abruptly, and all but colliding with an aviette. André was visible for a second, shifting his weight from one foot to another, hands in pockets, cigarette between lips, like a music-hall producer at a dress-rehearsal.

The weather was clear and warm, the plane wobbled, the people in it pretended to take no notice of one another. Miguel tried to make out where they were. His knowledge of geography helped. He tried to locate the Rhone, the fortress town of Carcassonne, the beginning of the Pyrenees. They were in the Pyrenees district, he knew, but he could not see any mountains.

The inviting green below, slashed by a network of roads, seemed to go on forever. After two hours, they saw mountains at last; the plane rose to two thousand meters and it got noticeably colder. Miguel lost all sense of direction. The pilot had no map in front of him and his appearance inspired anything but confidence.

After all, if they were flying to Barcelona they ought to see the sea somewhere, and it ought to be on the left. And if they were flying to Burgos or Seville then the sea would be on the right. Or it might not be visible at all. They might fly to Burgos over the middle of the Pyrenees, and then they would not see the sea. The only way to check it was by time. Miguel furtively moved his revolver from his trouser-pocket to his coat pocket. The girl took no notice, the old man sat motionless. To Miguel standing at his back, the pilot gave an unconcerned glance and went on in his apparent half-doze, his finger-tips just touching the wheel. Was this one of the two who had not asked for money? It was hard to make out from his shoulders, his black, shining hair, thinning at the crown, the blue nape of his neck, his small ears. They had been flying two hours, less seven minutes. They ought to have seen the sea long ago!

Miguel decided to keep his revolver at the pilot's back and at the same time call out: "Turn left!" There would be no struggle, there would be time to bind his hands, and anyhow after a bullet in the nape a man's hands aren't good for much. Then Miguel himself would take the wheel, he knew how to fly a little, though he was afraid he might land the heavy plane with a bang, bombs and all!

But supposing the fellow was straight! He had a baby-pink ear and his face was youthful and frank. They had been flying two hours, ten minutes. Perhaps he was only lost, perhaps he himself didn't know the lay of the land.

"Are we getting near?" asked Miguel, tapping his wristwatch. The pilot shrugged his shoulders and gave no answer.

Ten minutes more. Mountains. Miguel gave himself eight, no, say, ten minutes. The ten minutes came to an end. The old man looked in front of him steadily, the girl studied her white mackintosh. Mountains.... Miguel's burning fingers began to stick to the revolver. But somehow before doing anything he put his left hand on the pilot's shoulder. The pilot took no notice. But after what seemed an eternity, that was only a second or two, he said:

"I made a loop over the mountains, it's cooler here. André asked me to take a different way each time, so as not to meet any regular planes. Some of them are German. We'll see Barcelona in a minute...."

And now we have just had a ver-

mouth together in the bar of the military airdrome. The pilot's name is Abel Gides. He's older than he looks—twenty-eight. He was one of the two who didn't say anything about money. Yesterday he and another pilot flew back to X . . . and they'll come back on two planes. He's a military reserve pilot, now an unemployed civil pilot. He has childish, transparent eyes, but they are prominent and steady, like a bird's.

But no one has such prominent eyes as André. In the dusk the great whites seem to illuminate the subtle oval of his face and give him a look of insomnia, of restlessness, of nocturnal vigilance. It would be strange to see André with closed eyes, sleeping—it would not be him.

So far the only civil aviation are the planes of the Luft-Hansa. A huge Junker with the swastika on its tail reposes beside the military aviation headquarters. Pilots and passengers walk about among the Spanish military pilots, listen to their conversation, click the shutters of their cameras. Big crates marked "German General Consulate, Barcelona" are hauled in and out of the plane. Nobody interferes.

In the evening I found Comarero and Valdes, leaders of the United Socialist Party of Catalonia. The Socialists and Communists united on the day of the fascist revolt. There are no other Socialist organizations in Barcelona. Comarero is a veteran Socialist, a reserved, intelligent-looking man. Valdes is a worker, young and unassuming, with an active revolutionary past. The leadership is harmonious, and united. They work day and night in the crowded offices of the Central Committee in Paseo de Gracia.

They are anxious over the situation. The principal problem at present is the relations between the parties and the organizations of the People's Front. The Anarchists cause tension. Some of the Anarchist leaders are doing all they can to get the best and most organized elements of the Anarchist workers into the People's Front, for a real fight against fascism, but so far without much success. On the other hand they themselves fear reprisals from other parties, especially the Communists. Their union with the Socialists has alarmed the Anarchist Federation, which has set up numerous ammunition dumps and is preparing for armed conflicts in the town. Garcia Oliver, the leader of the Barcelona Anarchists, said to Comarero: "I know you want to get rid of us, as the Russian Bolsheviks got rid of their Anarchists. But you won't be able to." And so, while enjoining in their ranks cooperation with the government in the struggle against the rebels, they are at the same time stirring their trade unions up, preparing for fresh street fighting, and spreading ill-feeling against the Communists and Socialists. Comarero and Valdes are doing all they can to overcome this disorganizing spirit, giving proofs of their absolute loyalty and their desire for the unification of all proletarian forces. Recently Comarero, Vidiella and other Socialists purposely withdrew from the Catalonian government, relinquishing their political superiority over the Anarchists. The question of their return to the government together with the Anarchists, is now under discussion. However, the continuing mutual distrust and suspicion greatly weaken the common struggle against the rebels.

The P.O.U.M., the Trotskyite organization, plays a provocatory and demoralizing role. It was formed, immediately after the rebellion, from two groups: Nin's Trotskyites and Maurin's Rights of the Bukharin type, expelled from the Communist Party. Maurin himself is somewhere

on fascist territory, and Nin has undertaken the leadership of the united Spanish Trotsky-Bukharinites. They have their own paper; they are always playing up to the Anarchists, setting them against the Communist workers, demanding an immediate, full-flown social revolution in Spain, and spreading the most disgusting demagogic rumors about the Soviet Union. In certain matters they are exceedingly practical: they occupy the most select hotels in Barcelona, the most expensive restaurants and places of entertainment.

The news that Soviet workers had already contributed 30,000,000 francs for anti-fascist Spain, was received here only today. It was published in the evening papers and by radio. The people stood in front of the loud-speakers clapping. Loud shouts of "Hail, Russia!" the singing of the *International* and Anarchist songs reached my window.

August 10

At noon I went to see Garcia Oliver who now controls the Catalonian militia. His headquarters are in the Marine Museum, a splendid building with wide galleries and halls, glass ceilings, and huge models of old ships. People, arms, boxes of cartridges were everywhere.

Oliver himself had a richly furnished office, rugs, statuary and bric-a-brac. The moment I came in he offered me a havana and a brandy. He is swarthy, handsome, has a scar on his cheek, is morose and wears a huge holster. At first he seemed incommunicative, but suddenly broke out into a passionate tirade, betraying the experienced, sultry, artful orator he is. Long apostrophes to the courage of the Anarchist workers; it was they who had saved the situation in the street fighting in Barcelona; they who now composed the vanguard of the anti-fascist militia; who had given and were ready to give their lives for the revolution; and, what was even more than their lives, they were ready to cooperate with the bourgeois anti-fascist government. It had been hard for him, he said, to persuade the Anarchist masses to agree to this, but he and his comrades were doing their utmost to discipline them, to subject them to the leadership of the People's Front, and they were succeeding in their efforts. Oliver himself had to face accusations of opportunism and betrayal of Anarchist principles. The Communists ought to take all this into consideration and not bring intolerable pressure to bear on them. The Communists were taking too much power into their hands. If this went on the N.C.T. and F.A.I. would not answer for the consequences. He then proceeded to deny something or other very nervously, excessively nervously.

He advised me to talk to his friend Durruti, though Durruti was at the front. He was on the outskirts of Saragossa. Did I intend to go to the front?

Yes, I did. Tomorrow, if I got a permit. Couldn't Oliver give me one? Yes, Oliver would be glad to give me a pass. He spoke to his adjutant who there and then typed out a paper for Oliver to sign. As we shook hands he asked me to see that the Russian workers got correct information about the Spanish Anarchists.

After dinner Sandino came for me and took me to the palace to see the head of the government. There was a guard at the entry. It was quiet and empty in the palace with liveried footmen wandering about. We were asked by a secretary to wait—Señor Casanova was receiving a French delegation. A huge marble clock ticked sonorously; we sat in silence. But the silence was

suddenly rent by what sounded like the roaring of wild beasts. First one, then two or three, then a medley, as if the wild beasts were testing their lungs. What next? I thought. I was burning with curiosity and longing to go out into the street and see what was happening. But the secretary and Sandino kept still. The secretary is a coward, I thought, but Colonel Sandino? Very well, then, I won't move either. The secretary smiled courteously. I said: "What are those sounds?" "Oh, that! That's probably a lion." "A lion?" "Well, it might be a tiger, of course." "Where?" "In the zoo."

"D'you mean to say the zoo is next to the palace?"

"Yes, next door. We are practically neighbors. We have all kinds of wild animals. For example—lions, leopards, crocodiles, snakes, and elephants."

At that moment the door of the office opened, and Señor Casanova came out with the French delegation. Everyone began to laugh, themselves not knowing why. Everyone was in a good humor. I recognized Leon Jouhaux among the delegates.

Señor Casanova was courteous. He explained to me in detail the principles of Catalonian autonomy and the coordination of its government with the central government in Madrid. He said too much significance should not be attributed to party conflicts in Barcelona. Señor Companys, president of Barcelona, and himself were doing their utmost to ensure unity around the government. He was also completely convinced that the rebellion would be quickly put down. Not at once, of course. Would it take weeks? Yes, weeks, if you will. It was certainly not a matter of days. By a decree of the Catalonian government a Commission of Industry and Defense had been formed, with confrol of all the biggest metallurgical and machine works, including the Hispano-Suiza motor-works, and rubber, electrical, chemical and certain textile enterprises. Factory committees would take over from August 15 complete control of the output of plants belonging to participators in the fascist rebellion.

"Right now we are throwing all our forces into the taking of Saragossa, which is one of the three rebel centers. The capture of Saragossa, where are concentrated large military divisions and stores—tanks, munitions and aviation, demands considerable efforts. But it will free our hands for other military action. We continue to form new battalions of the Labor Militia, which will afterwards become regular divisions of the national army. Simultaneously the Catalonian government is taking measures for the organization of everyday life in the capital and in our whole region."

August 13

We drove to Tardiente along the lower front, in thick clouds of gritty, smarting dust. Not all the roads had names, and in the villages they told us to look out, as nothing was easier than to drive straight into the enemy, there not being any unbroken line of defense. So we often had to go round and come back again, and stopped long at cross roads.

In the evening there was a general meeting of peasants in the local saloon. It is really a continuation; there was a meeting yesterday on the same question. A few Anarchists called the peasants together and declared Tardiente collectivized. Nobody objected then, but this morning arguments arose, and a delegation went to Trueva and asked him, as the Commissar of War, to look into the matter.

The questions of land distribution and harvest shares are at present acute and complicated. Almost everywhere the land confis-

cated from fascist owners has been distributed among the peasants and the hired hands. They harvest these lands together, and divide the crops according to the labor output. Sometimes the size of families is taken into consideration, the number of mouths to be fed. But in villages nearer the front groups of Anarchists and Trotskyites have been busy. They try to force, first, immediate collectivization of all peasant homesteads, secondly, requisition of harvest from confiscated fields, and thirdly, confiscation of the land of "middle peasants," owning five or six hectares apiece. A few such collective farms had been created by dint of threats.

The low room with its stone floor and wooden pillars was filled to overflowing. An oil lamp flickered uncertainly—electricity is saved for the cinema. There was a strong smell of leather and cheap tobacco.

Trueva gave a short opening speech. He explained that they were fighting against fascist landowners, for the republic, for freedom of the peasants, for their right to live and work according to their own desires. Nobody could impose his will on the Aragon peasantry. And as for collectivization, the peasants themselves would decide the question, no one *for* them. The detachment, in the person of the military commissar, could only promise to defend the peasantry from arbitrary measures. General satisfaction. Cries of "*Muy Bueno!*"

Someone from the crowd asked Trueva if he was a Communist. He said he was, or rather, a member of the United Catalonian Socialist Party, but that at the moment this did not matter, since he was here to represent the military detachment and the whole People's Front.

Trueva is short and stocky. He used to be a miner, then a cook; has been in prison, is young, dresses in semi-military uniform with belt and revolver.

Suggestions are made: to allow only Tardiente peasants and laborers into the meeting; to admit anyone, but only let peasants speak. The second is adopted.

The president of the Tardiente Syndicate (Union of Laborers and Poor Peasants, a sort of Poor Peasants' Committee) said he considered that yesterday's decision on collectivization had been passed without the participation of most of the peasants. At any rate it should be reconsidered.

The meeting showed its approval.

A voice from the back rows stated that there had been strong criticism of the committee in the tobacco queue yesterday. He challenged the critics to speak out. A row in the hall, protest, approval, catcalls. Nobody comes forward.

An elderly peasant shyly suggests that for the present they should work each for himself, and afterwards, after the war, raise the question again. Approval. Two more speakers say the same.

An argument arises about the distribution of this year's crops from confiscated lands. Some demand equal shares, others distribution according to need, according to the mouths to be fed.

There are still unharvested crops, not yet reaped because of hostilities. A youth suggests: let everyone reap for himself, as much as he can, at his own risk, under fascist fire; the ones who run the most risks to get the biggest shares. This meets with approval. But Trueva interposes. He considers the proposal unworthy. "We are brothers and will not subject one another to danger for a sack of grain." He suggests harvesting the crops in the firing zone in common, the military detachment guarding the reapers, the grain to be divided according to labor hours and necessity. The meet-

ing tends towards Trueva's side.

It is already eight, and things are coming to a conclusion. But the balance is upset by a new speaker. In passionate words he exhorts the Tardiente peasants not to be egoists, but to divide all equally. Or what were they waging this bloody war for? They must confirm yesterday's resolution and establish immediately free Communism. They must confiscate the lands not only of the landowners, but of all the prosperous and middle peasants.

Shouts, cat-calls, oaths, applause.

After him, five more Anarchist speakers rush to the attack. The meeting becomes confused. Everyone is tired. The President of the Syndicate calls for a vote. The first Anarchist speaker objects. Are such questions to be decided by vote? What they need is spontaneous action, united aspirations, the vortex, inspiration. When people vote, each thinks of his own interests. Voting is egoism. Down with voting!

The peasants are bewildered; the sounding phrases stir them, and, though the overwhelming majority are against the Anarchist speaker, it has become impossible to restore order, and proceed to a vote. The meeting has degenerated into mere clamor.

It is impossible to do anything now. But Trueva suddenly finds a solution. Since, he says, it is hard to come to any agreement just now, let all those who wish to work for themselves, do so. And let those who wish to form a collective come here tomorrow at nine o'clock and have another meeting.

Everyone is pleased. Only the Anarchists depart disappointed.

August 14

Only about six peasants appeared at the morning meeting over collectivization.

After a two hours' drive along country roads, we were again covered with a thick layer of floury lime-dust. Our road ran parallel to the front at a distance of three or four kilometers. The enemy also gets muddled in the roads here. That very night a peasant patrol had challenged a passing motor and got the cheerful reply: "Falange Español:" The peasants opened fire, and shot all the passengers, among them a fascist colonel.

Bujaralos was all hung over with black-red flags, and edicts signed by Durruti, or simple posters with the words: "By order of Durruti, such-and-such must be done." The town square has been renamed "Durruti Square." He has taken up his headquarters on the high road, in the house of the road-surveyor, two kilometers from the enemy. This is not very prudent, but everything is sacrificed to a display of courage. "We will die or conquer!" "We will take Saragossa with our last breath!" "We will die, covering ourselves with universal glory!" — is inscribed upon banners, posters, and leaflets.

The famous Anarchist was at first indifferent, but coming to the words, "Moscow, *Pravda*," in Oliver's letter, he livened up at once. On the spot, in the middle of the road, among his soldiers, obviously aimed at them, he embarked upon a wild, polemical speech, full of gloomy, fantastic passion.

"It may be only a hundred of us will remain among the living, but that hundred will get to Saragossa, crush fascism, raise the banner of Anarcho - Syndicalism, proclaim free Communism. . . . There are many Communists in Saragossa, they are waiting for us. I will go into Saragossa first, and proclaim there a free commune. We will not bow down to Madrid, to Barcelona, to Azana, to Giral, to Companys, or to Casanova. If they like they can live in the same world with us, if not, we will march on Madrid. . . . We'll show you Bolsheviks, Rus-

sian and Spanish, how to make a revolution, how to carry it out to the end. You have a dictatorship; colonels and generals have been introduced into the Red Army; in my detachment there are no commanders, no subordinates, we all have equal rights, we're all soldiers, I also am nothing but a soldier here."

He was dressed in blue linen overalls, and wore a cap of black and red sateen. He is tall, of athletic build, handsome, his hair just touched with grey. Despotic, he overwhelms those around him, but in his eyes is something over-emotional, almost womanly, and his glance is sometimes that of a wounded animal. It seems to me he hasn't much staying power.

"No one in my army serves from duty or discipline, everyone has come here from a desire to fight, out of readiness to die for freedom. Yesterday two men asked for leave to go to Barcelona to see their families—I took their rifles from them and discharged them; those are not the sort I want. One of them said he had changed his mind and would stay, but I wouldn't take him back. And that's how I shall treat everyone, even if there are only a dozen left. That's the only way to build up a revolutionary army. The population is bound to help us. Aren't we fighting against any sort of dictatorship, for freedom for all? We will wipe off the face of the earth all who refuse us aid. We will wipe out all who block the path to freedom. Yesterday I dissolved the village council of Bujaralos; it was not helping the war, it was blocking the way to freedom."

"That sounds suspiciously like dictatorship," I said. "When the Bolsheviks in the Civil War sometimes dissolved organizations which had got choked with enemies of the people, we were accused of dictatorship. But we never tried to take shelter behind talk about universal freedom. We never concealed the dictatorship of the proletariat, but all the time frankly reinforced it. And what sort of an army will you have, without commanders, without discipline, without obedience? Either you don't intend to fight in earnest, or you have got some sort of discipline and subordination, only under other names."

"We have organized non-discipline. Each one is responsible to himself and to the collective. Cowards and marauders we shoot, they are tried by a committee."

"That's only words. Whose motor-car is that?"

All heads turned in the direction of my hand. There were about fifteen machines in the road, most of them broken-down, shabby Fords and Adlers, but among them a luxurious open Hispano-Suiza, all shining with silver and leather fittings.

"That's mine," said Durruti. "I had to get the fastest possible, for visiting all parts of the front."

"Quite right," I said. "A commander ought to have a good car if possible. It would be absurd if the rank-and-file were to drive in that Hispano and you were to go on foot or rattle along in a broken-down Ford. I've seen your edicts stuck up all over Bujaralos, they all begin with the words: "Durruti ordains. . . ."

"Well, someone's got to give orders," laughed Durutti. "It's just a demonstration of initiative. It's the use of the authority I enjoy among the masses. Of course, Communists wouldn't like that. . . ." He looked sideways at Trueva, who was standing a little apart.

"Communists have never denied the value of individual personalities and personal authority. Personal authority does not impede mass movement, it often consolidates and reinforces the masses. You are a commander, why pre-

tend to be a rank-and-file soldier. That will never increase the fighting capacity of the detachment."

"We will show Russia and the whole world," said Durruti, "by our deaths, what anarchy is in action, what the Anarchists of Iberia are."

"Death doesn't prove anything," I said. "Show us by your victory. The Soviet people eagerly desire the victory of the Spanish people, they desire the victory of the Anarchist workers and their leaders just as eagerly as that of the Communists, the Socialists and all the other fighters against fascism."

He turned to the crowd which had gathered round us and speaking Spanish, exclaimed: "This comrade has come to convey to us fighters of the N.C.T. and Federation of Iberian Anarchists, the cordial greetings of the Russian proletariat and their desire for our victory over the capitalists. Hail the N.C.T. and the Federation of Iberian Anarchists! Hail Free Communism!"

"*Viva*!" shouted the crowd. Faces grew brighter and more amiable.

"What's the situation like?" I asked.

He drew out a map and pointed out the distribution of the troops.

"What keeps us back is the railway station at Pima. The village is in our hands, but they have the railway station. Tomorrow or the day after we shall cross the Ebro, move on the station, clean them out, and then our right flank will be clear, we shall occupy Quinto, Fuentes de Ebro and march on to the walls of Saragossa. Belchite will surrender, it is surrounded by us in the rear. And they—" he inclined his head towards Trueva, "they are still fussing round Huesca."

"We're ready to put off Huesca, and support your blow on the right flank," said Trueva modestly, "if, of course, you're in earnest."

Durruti said nothing, then responded sullenly:

"Help us if you like, and don't help us if you don't like. The Saragossa operation is mine in the military and political and military-political sense. I am responsible for it. Don't think by giving us a thousand men you'll get us to divide Saragossa with you. In Saragossa there will be either free Communism or fascism. Keep your Spain—leave me Saragossa alone."

Then he relented and began to talk simply. He saw that we had come to him with no bad intentions, but also that we would give him back word for word. (Here, despite universal equality, no one dares to argue with him.) He put many and eager questions about the international situation, the possibility of help for Spain, and military and strategic points; he wanted to know about our political propaganda during the Civil War. He said his detachment was well-equipped and had sufficient munitions, but that the administrative side was very difficult. Technicos only have advisory functions. He himself had to decide everything. He said he made about twenty speeches a day and was worn out. There was very little drilling, because the soldiers didn't like it, and yet they were inexperienced, all their fighting had been in the streets of Barcelona. Men were deserting. There were about one thousand two hundred men in the detachment at present.

Suddenly he asked us if we had had dinner, and suggested that we wait while it was brought. We refused, not wanting to deprive soldiers of their rations.

As we left him, I said:

"Goodbye, Durruti! I will come to see you in Saragossa. If you're not killed here, or fighting with the Communists in the streets of Barcelona, you may become a Bolshevik in about six years time."

He laughed, and turned his broad back on me, entering into conver-

sation with the first person his eyes lighted on.

August 18

We flew from Barcelona on an extremely rickety English "Dragon" in the morning. Before flying there was a meeting of the passengers, the pilot, and the French superintendent of the airdrome, to decide on the route to Madrid—whether to go round by the coast over Valencia, or direct over rebel territory.

There were eight passengers, all of different nationality, all strangers to one another, all suspicious of one another, and the pilot suspect to all. Nobody knew where he came from, whether it was his plane and where the plane itself came from. Everybody had wangled their seat through the superintendent. The superintendent, a jolly, red-cheeked person, knew all about everything, but explained nothing. He addressed everyone as: "*Mon pauvre ami.*"

After long argument it was decided, in concert with the pilot, to fly direct over rebel territory, but at a height of not less than twenty-five hundred meters. The airplane was heavily loaded with freight of all sorts, and we arranged ourselves between packing-cases and luggage.

At first we kept to the coast, and then headed southwest. In forty minutes we approached mountain ranges. Due to the air-currents from the mountain passes, the plane bounced up and down a lot. Suitcases began pitching about. Sierra Cucalon, Sierra Cudar, Sierra Albarasin came into sight. Here the southern district is occupied by rebels from the Aragon provinces. Soon we should be over New Castille. We had been flying an hour. Another hour would bring us to Madrid. But suddenly the pilot changed his course. Instead of flying over Guadalajara, we turned east. The mountains diminished, sloped to hillocks and eventually leveled out into plains. Why? We are making for Valencia. Why? Not enough petrol. But the distance to Madrid is no greater! And we have covered almost three-quarters of the rebel zone! But it's no good arguing now. Another hour of flight over the endless, mathematically exact design of olive-groves, and Valencia, blue, green, pink, glazed by a lustrous haze, appears.

At the airdrome a representative of the Civil Guard begins to inspect the passports of the passengers, but gives up in despair—most of the passengers producing the oddest documents, one simply shows a visiting card. The gendarme shakes his head doubtfully and retreats. There is no petrol in the airdrome, and while it is being obtained we have time to see the town. Everything seems quiet and peaceful; stately sky-scrapers swooning in the heat; people drinking coffee and sipping vermouth while listening to the radio at little tables under palm-trees on the side-walk. Every now and then someone wets his finger and holds it up to see if the wind comes from the sea.

There are numbers of steamers unloading oil, iron tanks, cattle from Yugoslavia.

The tanks are filled by three o'clock and we take off again. The pure olive groves on level, almost crimson soil are succeeded by the austere, sunburned, rocky sierra. At last Madrid emerges, in a cloud of dust, on its grey lime plateau.

August 19

The war-office is in the very middle of the town, on a hill, surrounded by a garden. In front of the entrance is a statue of "The Great Captain" Gonzalez of Cordova, the famous.

medieval strategist. The stairs, waiting-rooms and halls are of the usual palace type — marble, carpets, tapestries, but there is a more modern annex for offices, and this is general headquarters.

All the halls were full of people, at tables, at telephones, in conversing groups. There were lots of civilians, especially parliamentary deputies. They stay here by the hour, by the day, extorting from the war-office, by threats and prayers, companies of soldiers, military stores, or lorries for their electorate. This is considered a sign of patriotism, of devotion to the electors and even of military talents. And the war-office, giving in under pressure, gives four hundred and ninety men to a delegate who asked for 500; 275 rifles to the one who asked for 300; 140 lorries to another who asked for 150....

Minister for War Saravia had been called away. I talked instead to the Prime Minister, José Giral, a middle-aged, spruce, unassuming man in round spectacles and a tight, starched collar. He is a doctor of chemistry, an active Left Republican, and one of the closest friends of President Azaña. He tries not to be overcome by the sensational trend of affairs, to rule himself and events, but does not always succeed. In the Spanish way, even for a tête-à-tête he leads me to the balcony. Five years ago, two weeks after the overthrow of the Bourbon dynasty, I talked on this same balcony to War Minister Azaña.

France! What are you waiting for? It is a hundred and twenty years since the Pyrenees frontier ceased to trouble you; now you are hemmed in on the south. The steel helmets of Germany have already been seen at Irun, at San Sebastian. Here you have no Maginot line. A score of eccentrics and seekers after adventure from André's escadrille, without passports, on any airplane they can pick up, have rushed into the air to defend you, France, your peace of mind and security, your riches and your beauty, your factories and pastures, your vast army, your mighty air-fleet. André Marty, naval non-com., who rotted as a traitor to his fatherland in a Paris prison for refusing to take part in an attack on Soviet Russia—Marty is collecting French worker-patriots one by one for help for Spain, to stem the fascist onslaught. Mexico has promised to send rifles to Spain, and you still delay! Danger of world war! Can you put out flames by waiting for them to go out of themselves? Stamp out the flames in the burning room, before they spread over the whole house!

Everybody is waiting anxiously for France now. Not a single person, member of the government, worker with rifle on his shoulder, worker in the factory has the slightest doubt that France, Left, Right, any sort of France, in the interests of Spain's or France's, of anybody's and everybody's security, will come to the help of Spain. Many are sure that help has already come.

An officer is bent over a map in the room next to Giral. He winks at me: French? No. Russian.

Astonishment. He thinks perhaps I'm joking.

The girl behind the news-stand: French? No. Russian.

She laughs. Doesn't believe me.

Militia-men in the cafés turn to me with raised glass:

"Hail our true friend, France."

I reply: "*Merci*."

In the evening in Serrano Street, in the Central Committee of the Communist Party I had the luck to meet and embrace all at one time, José Diaz, Dolores Ibarruri, Vicente Uribe and André Marty, and others, some old friends, some new made.

August 20

Early in the morning I went for Dolores and we drove through Fuencarral to Sierra Guadarrama.

Everyone here knows Dolores, they greet her from a distance, offer her bread and wine from soldiers' flasks, try to persuade her to stay. On the Sierra every soldier claims to know Dolores personally.

Today things are specially lively here. The Republicans are trying to improve upon the success scored yesterday by Colonel Mangada's group, and to move the rebels from the nearest ridge. The enemy answers with intense rifle and machine-gun fire, bullets and shrapnel whistle by every few minutes. The soldiers try to make Dolores crawl, but she waves them off and moves in little runs, like every one, upright, only bending her head.

"Am I as good as you or not? All right, next time I'll bring a parasol to keep off the drops!"

She goes to every ruined hut, talks to every soldier and officer, questions prisoners, getting from them seemingly trivial but really valuable details about the position of the rebels. She has a row with the cook about the dinners. Learning that the troops have had no vegetables for two days, she gets some organization or other on the field-telephone, and wangles a lorry of melons and tomatoes.

The Guadarrama military headquarters is posted in a small villa. The fascists have just got this house and its garden into machine-gun range. The commander of the section, Colonel Asensio, a handsome, somewhat stagey-looking fellow, forbids us to leave till the firing quiets down. Coffee is prepared. Dolores talks to Casares Quiroga, a thin man with a pointed face, in overalls and sandals. He was at the head of the district at the moment when the rebellion broke out, but vacillated, and resigned amid general imprecations; he is now trying to atone at the front.

We got tired of waiting and Dolores wanted to go on, to the outposts. Everybody tried to dissuade her. Dolores reminds them that no one has been near the boys there for four days, except provision convoys. Major Ristori, a jolly fat man, limping and for some reason in fulldress uniform, offers to accompany us.

We progress in spurts, Ristori hopping along with his stick, sweating profusely. After a kilometer of road and two hundred meters of footpath we have to crawl over the sunscorched rock, covered with prickly briars. Every time a bullet resounds against a stone, Dolores dodges; Ristori looks at her commiseratingly.

A platoon has taken up its post under a fragment of rock. From here it has dug itself a trench to a blindage. The blindage is made of small stones and sand-bags. At each end of the trench the soldiers have hung facetious notices: "Metro Madrid-Saragcssa."

Soldiers and commanders are delighted to see Dolores.

"How did you get here? Even men only come in the night. There's a woman for you! Not for nothing they call you the dauntless."

We crawled to the blindage. From here we can see clearly the rebels' blindage, a matter of two hundred paces away.

The whole platoon has packed itself into this tiny nest. The soldiers crowd round Dolores from all sides—sunburned, unshaved, some of them bandaged. They jostle up to her, all shouting at once:

"Dolores! Drink out of my mug!" "No, out of mine!" "Dolores, take a letter to my mother!" "Dolores, look at my wounds! They've almost healed in four days." "Dolores, I'll give you my scarf as a souvenir. Mind you don't throw it away."

"Dolores, try my machine-gun—look what a beauty!"

Dolores drinks from the mug, takes the letter, feels the wounds, puts on the soldier's scarf and looks at herself in her hand-mirror, bends her head, black sprinkled with gray, over the machine-gun and fires a round from it.

The fascists respond with an intense volley. For a long time they have been displeased with the excitement going on in the blindage.

"You see, Dolores, what we've let you in for!"

"No, it's I who called down such an iron shower on you."

Crowding together, the soldiers listen to Dolores' abrupt sentences:

"I'm like you—a simple Spanish woman, not an aristocrat. I was a dish-washer in a mine. And my husband is a miner. And we simple folk will fight to the end for a free, happy, people's Spain, against the fascist military and Jesuit set. You are brave boys, I know, but courage isn't enough. We've got to know who we're fighting against, who we're aiming at. We're firing at our own accursed past, at the Spain of the Bourbons and Primo de Rivera, who want to come back and strangle us. Let the enemy expect no mercy from us.... We are the vanguard of the world struggle against fascism, much depends on our struggle. The democracy of the whole world is on our side. The Russian workers are on our side. They have sent us money and they will send us what else we need. Here is a Russian comrade with me, he flew to us by airplane. But we must rely first and foremost on ourselves, on our own weapons, on our courage. No one has ever been really able to beat a people fighting for its own freedom. They can turn Spain into a heap of ruins, but they can't make Spaniards slaves. You say you're short of munition. What ammunition d'you think the Russian workers and peasants had to fight their fascists and foreign aggressors with? They got their ammunition and their cartridges from the enemy.... It won't be long before our side wins. The banner of the democratic republic will fly over the whole of Guadarrama, over the domes of Cordova, over the towers of Seville."

She paused and added, with a glance of unconscious coquetry:

"If you want to make me proud, call your regiment after me."

The soldiers are agreed.

"We won't let you down, Dolores!"

All this time, the rebels were exercising their skill on the trench; Dolores turned the talk to the part being played in the war by the women of Spain, doing their bit in the rear to help their husbands. She warmed up to her favorite subject—the woman, the family and the child, in the Soviet Union.

"Dolores, have you any children, yourself?"

"Of course, I have! I'm lucky! My daughter is in Ivanovo, that's a Soviet textile town, like our Sabadell. And my son works at the Stalin motor-works in Moscow. He's only sixteen, but he's a six-footer, already. Just think! He'll be coming to me one day and saying: Come on, little Mummy, I'm going to pick you up!"

This caused general amusement. Dolores went on with her loving inspection of the platoon.

They brought her a bunch of flowers, picked from rock slopes, under fascist fire.

We got back to headquarters in the dark, not alone any more, but with a solicitous escort. Suddenly, just beyond Cercedilla, from a small group of houses, came a shot, followed by inhuman shrieks. We stopped the car and I got out to see what was the matter. It turned out that a youth had dozed off with his hand on the trigger of his rifle, and it had gone off and shot him through

the palm. The hand was hurriedly bandaged and the sufferer placed in our car, to be taken to the nearest hospital. The lusty youth roared at the top of his lungs; Dolores patiently tried to console him.

"Don't make such a noise, boy! You're not killed! It isn't that it hurts so, it's because it happened in your sleep. I get frightened in my sleep. If you were to prick me with a pin when I'm asleep, I'd think my throat was being cut. It's natural. Perhaps you'd like a cigarette? Here you are!"

He probably would have liked a cigarette, but he couldn't smoke and yell at the same time, so he rejected the cigarette. "When would they get to the hospital?"

"In a minute," Dolores assured him. "We have to drive slowly, because we're driving without lights so that the car won't be a mark. What are you in such a hurry for? They'll bandage your hand and you'll sleep like an angel."

But after we had delivered our wounded at the hospital she said to the driver, abruptly:

"To Madrid as quickly as possible, Central Committee! We're late for the meeting. Turn on the lights, we can't crawl forever."

Members of the Republican Government taking leave of troops leaving for the front. Left to right: Prime Minister Negrin, President Azaña and Generals Miaja and Campesinos.

Alexander Isbach

THE PIANO

There was a chap in my partisan detachment, a fighter named Vasily Snegyrev. He was an ugly, pock-marked fellow, but how he could sing! It would bring the tears to your eyes. He didn't know much about music, of course. But he could play the niftiest tunes on the accordion. He would make them up as he went along.

We arrived once in a big village. I put up in the priest's house. The priest himself had taken to his heels but his things were still there. And in the hall, among a pile of home-grown plants and flowers, there was a piano. I couldn't tell you the make. The priest's daughter or perhaps his wife had practiced on it, I suppose. Anyhow, I laid me down to rest on the priest's luxurious featherbed and dozed off. And I dreamed I was in paradise. . . It was so warm and cozy. Bearded angels strongly resembling my own partisans were flying around. And everything was so real I marveled as I slept at the nonsense you can dream of. I woke up, and heard music. It was a sad, plaintive sort of tune, something like the tinkle of autumn raindrops, changing abruptly to a loud marching air.

I realized then that someone must be playing on the piano in the hall. "What the hell," I thought, "has the priest's wife come back?"

I jumped up and ran out into the hall. Who should be sitting there but Vasya Snegyrev running his hands over the keys! He fingered those keys as tenderly as though he were caressing them.

I had taken Vasya from a remote taiga village. I swear this was the first time he had seen a piano in his life.

I approached him softly and stood there behind him but he had found some melody of his own and he was as blissful as a babe. Under his coarse, bayonet-scarred fingers emerged the most delicate, naive and joyful sounds. I realized that there wouldn't be any use trying to tear Vasya away from that piano.

All at once I made an unconscious movement and my spurs clanked. Vasya swung around. And his eyes were as bright as bright could be. There was such happiness in them as though a new and tremendous world had opened to him.

He smiled a bit shamefacedly.

"This music has got the accordion beat, Andrei Vasilyevich..." he said. Then he scowled. "Look what those bastards have done." He pointed to the piano lid, on whose polished surface the words "Scholtz, guard ensign, Uhlan regiment," were rudely scratched with a sabre point.

Well, how can I describe it? We were due to leave the village in a short time. But Vasya couldn't part with his new instrument. He

had discarded his accordion and practically slept beside the piano.

He begged me to take the piano with us. You think it funny? Yes, perhaps it is. However. . . we took it along, piled it onto a big transport sled, strapped it down, and off we went.

What a joy it was to the detachment! At stops Vasya gave concerts. He picked out a score of melodies. The lad hadn't the vaguest notion about written music, but he turned out to be a regular detachment Beethoven.

That piano didn't travel with us for long.

One day we were chasing after an enemy band. The sled with the piano on it was with us as usual. We outflanked the band in a bit of hilly country. We were approaching a large village, controlled by the kulaks, as we soon discovered. They were expecting the arrival of the Whites. Well, in those days we didn't wear any helmets and from a distance it wasn't easy to distinguish between Reds and Whites.

A religious procession headed by the local priest came out to meet us. They were singing a religious chant. We drove up closer. All at once from behind me I heard our own familiar air cutting into the church singing. The strains of the *Internationale* came loud and clear.

I turned round and saw Vasya Snegyrev sitting on the sled playing the *Internationale* on the piano.

How's that for a situation, eh? It warmed the cockles of my heart when the partisans caught up the refrain and the church procession scattered in all directions.

But some skunk fired a shotgun and the horses plunged and reared. The horse pulling Vasya's sled with the piano stampeded headlong over the edge of the ravine. Vasya barely had time to jump off. Over went horse, piano and all. Of course, the thing was dashed to pieces.

Vasya disappeared. . . . We found him later at the bottom of the ravine standing as though at his father's grave. Just as if he had buried a dear friend. Then he made a gesture of resignation, took one piano key as a souvenir and jumped into the saddle.

Yes, comrades, that's the story.

"A story like that should have a perfect ending. Shall I finish it for you?" laughed one of the listeners.

The division commander frowned.

The listener went on: "Returned from the front, Vasya entered the Conservatory. Now he plays on a concert piano. But he keeps that key in memory of those fighting days and of his first piano."

"No, comrade writer, you've guessed wrong," said the division commander. "Vasya was killed. The very next day, too. He dashed into attack in the first battle. He was taking revenge for that piano. He was always in the forefront, anyhow. Not one of your cautious ones.

"And so they killed him," he ended, shaking his head pensively.

THE PARCEL

Styopa Penkov was sending off a parcel to the Far East all on his own, right to the frontier, to his pal Mitya Dubov. Mitya had gone him one better, after all. True, he, Styopa, had participated in the maneuvers, in an unofficial capacity, and had even assisted the Reds to victory, by his personal valor. Kondratov, the division commander, had said as much to Styopa's father which was equivalent to a citation. His prestige in school and in the Young Pioneer troop had undoubtedly risen; even Mitya Dubov, who was always putting on airs because of his papa's stripes, deferred unquestioningly to Styopa's military prowess. But now Mitya had gone with his father to the frontier. There were real enemies out there. And who knows?—perhaps Mitya would catch a spy. Such things happened. Styopa had read about cases like that in the *Pioneer Pravda* and his brother, the lieutenant, had told him so as well. Yes, Mitya was indeed a lucky chap.

If the truth were known, little Styopa Penkov missed his friend keenly. What if they had scrapped most of the time? After all they were pals, and it was lonesome without Mitya.

Styopa kept all his savings in his own little metal savings bank. His capital at the moment amounted to forty-one rubles and some kopeks. A small-caliber rifle cost forty-seven rubles. Styopa had hoped to save the required sum.

But now, with his aide-de-camp of the Iron-Hearted Chapayev Pioneer Troop gone to a military post in the Far East, all his problems of capital accumulation, to say nothing of his budget plans, had to be revised. It was important to bolster up Mitya's fighting spirit and political morale. Styopa remembered how much importance his friend, Captain Sokovin, attached to the political morale of the troops.

Styopa pried open his bank, removed forty rubles, pondered a while, then, setting his chin in grim determination, he took out the last ruble; with the money in his pocket he marched with firm, martial tread to the corner store.

He subjected all his purchases to the most careful scrutiny. There must not be the slightest defect or blemish for, after all, the things had to travel thousands of miles.

Before clinching the deal he spent a great deal of time poring over a scrap of paper covered with figures, taking stock of his financial resources.

He bought thick woolen socks (spies are caught in swamps), packets of hard biscuits and bars of chocolate (the best form of nourishment on campaigns). Then, after some deliberation, he spent his remaining rubles on a small, brown leather holster. (Mitya, he knew, had long dreamed of possessing one.) The holster was so tempting, its lovely brown, shiny leather was so smooth

to the touch that for a moment, for the tiniest fraction of a second, he coveted it for himself. But he instantly suppressed feelings so unworthy of a fighter. He paid for his purchases, left the shop and set out with the same martial tread to the post office.

Here he procured a small wooden box, neatly arranged the holster, the chocolate, the biscuits and the woolen socks inside, nailed it up and tied it.

He longed to slip in a note, something like, "How goes it over there, Mitya, and have you seen any Japanese spies yet? We are relying on you. I miss you..." But although his heart began to beat fast he corded up the box without inserting a note. Fighters of the Iron-Hearted Chapayev Pioneer Troop were strangers to superfluous demonstrations of emotion.

Generously moistening with his lips the big indelible pencil his father usually used to record smelting results, he wrote the address in large lettering: "Far East. Posetsky distrikt. Post Office Box 2830. Commisar P. F. Dubov, for Dmitry." He took special pains with the number of the post office box. There was an aura of mystery about that number. Military secrets, and all that. Then he drew a thick line beneath which he added the words: "From Stepan Nikitich Penkov."

He had made only two spelling mistakes in the whole address. He spelt Commissar with one "s" and district with a "k". The fighters of the Chapayev Troop were all "A" scholars and were distinguished for their steel-like character; today, however, Styopa was pardonably excited.

He handed the parcel through the little window and said sternly to the girl who poked her head out to examine the young customer (she seemed a bit too frivolous for his liking): "Now see you don't let the grass grow on it!" (He had heard the expression used by his parents in reference to the postal service.) "This is a very important parcel...."

He was five kopeks short for the postage. He stood there, embarrassed and crestfallen. The "frivolous" girl took one glance at the disconcerted fighter of the Iron-Hearted Chapayev Troop and paid the five kopeks for him. The young warrior left the post office in a lighter frame of mind and, forgetting his firm martial step, he hopped and skipped his merry way along the street, humming a tune more gay than warlike.

Antonio Machado

The Voice Of Spain

Noble Russia, hail!
Dearer still to us, dearer, since
The scepter, the monk's staff
You have splintered,
And all the workers lifted up
Raising the hammer and sickle.

Here is the rim of the West,
The ocean fondled land,
Land of crowding mountains,
Land of sunburned stone,
Of shadowed plains, but green,
Where rivers plough deep.
Embraced in blossoming briar
This glowing earth. The lemons ripen;
Vivid carnations bloom.

Russia, do you hear its voice?
From stream to stream, from hill to hill,
Above the bruit of war, the voice of Spain,
Calls to you:

"Sister."

Pla-y-Beltran

To General Miaja
Defender Of Madrid

City of Glory,
Erect with the pride of great deeds,
Sinewed with struggle,
On anvils of death you forge life!
Before your living walls
"Their" hordes shrank back.
Your every gesture inscribes
Its witness in history.
Never will chains bind
Madrid, eternalized
With the eternity of glory!

Emi Siao

I REMEMBER

Remembering my youth I remember
an old house;
Side by side, up to the town wall we
climbed,
Saw the blue stream join the sky,
The gold leaf of a distant sail afloat
upon it.
In slow drifting speech I heard my
father.
"Thus flows our life,—a river depth,
Thus stands our life, a tree deep
rooted.
See that tall willow blooming on the
bank?
From a tender sprout I urged it to
this sturdiness.
For us too will come renewing Spring
And song will blossom on our voices."
I let my memory cling to that
unhurried voice;
Gentle, on the gentle slope, I see the
old man stand.
Can it be endured that enemy heels
Grind into clods our garden land!

Translations by Isidor Schneider

KARL OSSIETSKI

(1887—1938)

On May 4 the long martyrdom of Karl Ossietski ended. A great life of courage and self-sacrifice now speaks for the cause of human solidarity from the platform of history.

This noble anti-militarist and anti-fascist was born in Hamburg on October 2, 1887. The proletarian city, birthplace also of Thaelmann, must have influenced Ossietski's development. His earliest writings were political satires. He was the first to publish in the German press an article on the anti-militarist demonstrations of 1913 in Zabern, Alsace, events which Lenin commented upon.

Followed the four hellish years of the imperialist World War, trench experience of which confirmed him in his lifelong struggle against militarism. Demobilized, Ossietski plunged almost immediately into the fight. In 1919 he founded a pacifist weekly in Hamburg. Going on to Berlin he worked as secretary of *The Society for Peace*. He succeeded in coalescing the scattered peace sentiments into a broad democratic movement.

From 1920 to 1923 he was the foreign policy editor of the liberal *Berliner Volkszeitung*, using his post to press for Germany's entry into the League of Nations. But perhaps his most important publicist work was done on the magazine *Weltbühne*, leading organ of the radical democratic intelligentsia, of which he became editor in 1927. Associated with him was the gifted Kurt Tukholski. The magazine was often incorrect in its policy. It opened its columns to men who proved to be traitors to peace and democracy. It was vitiated by vague idealism and abstract humanism. It took at times an offensively didactic tone toward the proletariat and its organizations. It fell frequently into sectarianism and violated the sense of national dignity by gestures toward national nihilism. Nevertheless the brilliant editorials of Ossietski and the sketches, verses and aphorisms of Tukholski were marked by a genuine feeling for their country, an ardent sympathy with the proletariat, a solid respect for the founders of Marxism and Leninism and for the Soviet land in which their principles were brought to fulfilment.

When a May Day demonstration in Neuköln, in 1929, was shot down by Social-Democratic police Ossietski called public attention to the murderers, laying the Social-Democratic leadership under an unanswerable indictment. This together with his exposures of the secret arming and conspiracies of the fascists drew upon him powerful enemies.

In a frameup trial for treason in 1931, Ossietsky received a sentence of eighteen months imprisonment in a fortress. Germany was swept by a wave of public indignation over this sentence and he was released in the Christmas amnesty of 1932. Prison could not hush this militant voice of democracy; it spoke out from within the walls. And as soon as he was released he worked.

to organize the people for resistance to looming fascism. In this period he came out frequently in advocacy of a united front with the Communists.

On the night of the firing of the Reichstag Ossietski was arrested by the Hitlerites. Fascism took vengeance on this man who had dared to tell the truth about Hitler and Hitler's paymasters. For three years progressive humanity fought to free Ossietski from the concentration camp. Civilization fought for this man who had fought for civilization. The Nobel Peace Award to Karl Ossietski in 1936 was an expression of the world's recognition of his heroic fight and its protest against his torturers. The prize did not reach him; it was thievishly stolen by officials of the "Third Reich" but world opinion forced the fascists to transfer him from the Papenburg concentration camp to sanitariums.

Two years later Ossietski died. But fascism has not killed the noble and imperishable memory of this great humanist; his struggle for peace and democracy continues and proceeds to its inevitable triumph.

FROM A PLAYWRIGHT'S WORKSHOP

Interpret Lenin over the footlights!—How? After much reading and pondering I took up my pen to write. My hand would not move! I decided to return to my pondering. This time I went into conference with Lenin himself through his more personal manuscripts. I read these at great length. I read not to ascertain what position Lenin held on the question of the Brest-Litovsk peace or on other historical questions. I read these pamphlets and manuscripts to find the dramatic soul of Lenin the man "between the lines." I communed with Lenin himself, so as to know him and thus be able to interpret him later in his own language.

To this end I simply did the following. After reading and rereading I made notes on his public speeches, recording in detail Lenin's characteristic, straightforward, sharp speech. This recording engaged the entire summer.

Next I sought consultation from authors on Lenin. I read forty-eight books on Lenin, including memoirs of his closest comrades. And even after all of these, if I had been asked to characterize Lenin, I should have replied: "I don't know how!" The greatness of this man is such that all of the amassed memoirs have not found utterance for it. Comrade Stalin in an interview with a German correspondent gave a unique characterization of Lenin. The correspondent compared Lenin with Peter the Great. Stalin replied that Peter the Great was one drop of water in the ocean, but Lenin was an ocean itself.

Untiringly I delved and dived in this "ocean" but came up each time with only very small pearls of knowledge on Lenin the man. I acquired a mountain of adjectives descriptive of Lenin, such as sensitive, ingenious, and the like, all of which are obvious and understandable; but words containing the embryo for a stage interpretation of Lenin I did not find. Lenin possesses such a manifold richness that it is baffling to ascertain just what about the man is most outstanding.

Forty-eight volumes heaped around me on my desk! But I could not extract a play from them. Forty-eight volumes of mountainous complexities and "contradictions"! The fact that many portray Lenin as a "kind old man" compels one to wonder how in the world he solved problems demanding the inexorable persistence and strength necessary for politics. Lenin was a man of adamantine quality and immeasurable power, but in several recollections of him these qualities were lost sight of. That Lenin's was a tender, soft, forgiving nature was the gross and studied misrepresentation of the Trotskyites and Bukharinites. The recollections of Lenin left me

befuddled, and when, upon visiting the Lenin Museum, I read letters, telegrams and statements in Lenin's own handwriting, I realized that naive credulity toward those recollections would be folly. The director of the museum, Rabichev, pointing to Lenin's personal correspondence, spoke the truth when he said: "Behold in these the real Lenin."

Having accepted the task of writing this play, I resolved to write it in such a way that the characterization of Lenin should be set down in dramatic form with lasting dignity. I resolved that if my characterization of Lenin was unsuccessful, my entire play would be a failure.

Somehow, the last book I read on Lenin was by Comrade Stalin. In fact this was not a book but just a pamphlet of fifteen pages. Through this pamphlet I became convinced that only genius can pay due homage to genius. After reading these fifteen pages I was conscious of a strengthened impetus which all my previous reading had not brought me. Not that the previous reading went for nought. Through it I began my assimilation of the style and character of speech of Lenin the man. But only Comrade Stalin's pamphlet brought me the reassurance necessary to begin writing. It was as if Stalin himself had given me a personal interview and instructed me: "You see, you must do thus and so. Everything is quite simple."—I took up my pen.

I want to elaborate on the way in which I worked on *The Man With the Gun*.

I did not engage in sagacious philosophizing. I gathered the most fundamental and important, and at the same time the most simple facts. The framework, structure and theme of the play can be summarized in five words: "Unity between workers and peasants." I did not attempt to invent a more complex formulation. Unity of the workers and peasants under the leadership of the Party and the genius Lenin. This one idea ran through the play from beginning to end. Why did I work on this principle? The drama occupies a distinct position in the realm of art and demands specific treatment. Failure to realize the rigid requirements of this art is the cause of the failure of many promising playwrights. Many of our plays which seem to be of great merit and promise die before reaching the footlights. We fail to understand that every play must have a central idea, that drama must travel the wide road of life; that the dramatist who lends himself to limited themes, no matter how interesting, becomes enmeshed in the folly of his own errors. Plays built around limited themes leave the majority of the audience cold.

Not long ago a certain dramatist brought me a play about Kasantsev brakes. A marvelous invention, those brakes, but a play about them would not interest one-tenth of the theater-going public. Ninety-nine per cent of the public does not know or care about Kasantsev brakes.

Boldness is one of the prerequisites to successful dramatization. The ill fate of a host of dramatists is due to the lack of this quality. They flounder in their own misgivings and apprehensions, certain beforehand that their plays will not be accepted.

Another essential of the successful playwright is the happy faculty of distinguishing the ordinary from the unique, the subordinate from the fundamental in human events.

Shakespeare's immortal *Othello, King Lear, Hamlet* are crowning examples of these vital virtues.

In my work on my play I endeav-

ored to bear these prerequisites in mind. I indulged in no schematic methods. (I confess I do not have the patience for them.) Having decided on the central idea of my play, I at once began to seek out live and appropriate characterizations around which to develop this idea. I took my central idea from Lenin's own words to the Russian masses: "Long live the Revolution of soldiers and workers!" Who led the soldiers? The workers. They appeared on the battlefront and reinforced them. The workers conducted propaganda among the Petersburg garrison. I resolved from this that an ordinary soldier must be one of my central characters.

What should I name him? For some reason, I do not know what, the Russian name of Shadrin struck my fancy. I began to visualize this soldier. Ivan Shadrin's manner of conduct in those October days: At the front—trenches, bloodshed, hunger—no bullets and two and a half years' absence from loved ones—miserable loneliness! How interesting to bring this soldier face to face with Lenin, where a new fate would be patterned for him. I did not think out beforehand the detailed course of Ivan Shadrin's experiences with Lenin. I knew only that I must write a scene showing such a meeting. I could not resist the temptation the idea of this scene held for me.

I began to write, and in twenty or thirty minutes (possibly more, to be truthful; I do not remember exactly—time goes by uncalculated when one works) I wrote this scene of Ivan Shadrin's meeting with Lenin in Smolny, the headquarters of the Revolution. But as this scene was written disconnectedly, I had to write it over. It would be more correct to say that I had to give this scene a beginning which would show whence Ivan Shadrin came to Smolny. Thus the first scene of the second act was written later to elaborate on Shadrin's meeting with Lenin.

Shadrin arrived in Smolny a vagabond; an indefinite personality. He left, after meeting Lenin, a commander. This scene, a scene of conversation, is acknowledged by all audiences as the most impressive in the play. Accordingly, one need not shy at what Pushkin calls "inspiration." My desire to write this scene of an ordinary soldier's meeting with Lenin may well be termed such. And it is more than likely that had I restrained myself when I felt that urge, I should never have written such a scene. But I did not restrain myself, with the result that the entire performance hinges on this Shadrin-Lenin scene. Remove this scene and *The Man With the Gun* becomes drab.

From this experience it is safe to advise that, when your play is still in the raw, it behooves a dramatist to write any scene or fragment of a scene that may suggest itself. It does not pay to hold back.

How did I approach the development of Lenin as a character? I fully realized that in this task lay my chief test. I decided that the figure of Lenin, without a convincing representation of the masses among which and for whom he lived and struggled, would be incomplete. By no means must he be separated from the class to which he gave his life. I wrote, therefore, with this super-task of permeating my play with a convincing representation of Lenin's inseparability from the working class.

The scene of Lenin's first appearance opens with the words: "Missing your tea, eh?" Shchukin, in the role of Lenin, enters. The entire audience rises and applauds his superb interpretation of this difficult role. Shchukin's attainments

Order-Bearer B. Shchukin, Peoples' Artist of the U.S.S.R., who plays the part of Lenin

in the part of Lenin mark him indisputably one of the most ingenious artists in the modern theater. When he first approaches us from the depths of the corridor, his head slightly inclined to one side, we at once feel the conviction which this characterization of Lenin carries. After the first storm of applause, Shchukin says: "Missing your tea, eh?" with such simplicity that there is nothing left for us to wish in the way of improved interpretation.

The meeting with Shadrin is the first scene showing Lenin's contact with the people. I did not thrust him too suddenly among the masses. This would have been a grave error. (Theatrical effect must hold its own.) Lenin's approach from the deep hallway was staged with the conscious aim of giving the public the maximum time to view him, thus heightening the effect of his entrance. Lenin's next scene is a dialogue with a soldier, by way of a smooth transition to his appearance among the masses. Had I thrown him upon his very first appearance among the masses, he would have lost heavily in effectiveness. Further, I presented Lenin as a man of State—Lenin at the helm!

It is an interesting fact, by the way, that my first scene did not undergo a single change from the original rough draft. Just as I finished it in the first writing, just so is it acted today in the current production. The next scene I wrote, the ninth, where Lenin is at the helm, I was compelled to rewrite thirteen times before I was satisfied. Reckon three days' work on each rewriting, and the result is that I worked a month and a half on one scene. The thirteenth rewriting was the culmination of an irresistible desire to write a scene where Lenin would be seen working at the height of his capacity. I placed him in his office, and had him come out to the adjoining room—shown on the stage —first to receive a telephone call from Stalin, then to bid farewell to departing troops.

On his way in and out Lenin converses with a group of sailors, the fuel commissar, etc. These "incidental" details are important. They are stage tactics! When encountering difficulty because of an inadequacy of stage facilities or time in featuring a character in the entirety of its breadth and power, this difficulty can be overcome by showing only hints of the various elements of his personality, and the audience's imagination completes the picture for itself.

In my final scene, the scene of "Lenin the Leader," I accomplished a delightfully simple task for myself. I assembled here the fundamental, the very essence of the play. I com-

bined notes from Lenin's speech at the Second Congress of Soviets with an article on Socialist Competition. Adhering to the dictates of the theatrical law of time, I cut this sketch painstakingly.

A certain theater manager, upon reading this play, remarked of the final scene: "You ought to give a five-minute speech here." But a five-minute speech in the theater—funeral march! The stage magnifies both the brevity and length of time, so that in the theater a true conception of time is lost. The stage has its own laws of time and space which we are compelled to observe. A short speech may seem very long.

In reading Lenin I always marvel how, twenty years ago, a man could make such accurate predictions. Lenin stated: "Over there, fighting, war, exploitation by capitalism; but here with us shall reign a Soviet power, and a genuine peace policy!"

It is difficult, indeed, to conceive how one could foresee the future so faultlessly. This statement is as apt today as on the day Lenin first uttered it.

As to the style of speech employed for Lenin in my play, I was governed by the opinion that to lend myself to lifting literal quotations from his works onto the stage would be a gross error. I decided that a scrupulous imitating of Lenin in text might bring results diametrically opposed to those desired; might lead to a caricature effect. Therefore I took his general vocabulary and the idiosyncrasies of his speech and allowed my imagination to picture just how Lenin might express himself under given circumstances. In conversation with Shadrin about the German soldier, Lenin has the phrase: "Will he make peace with us? Eh?" Among Lenin's letters I frequently encountered this very typical expression: "Eh? What do you think?"

I have been accused of seeking to write without plot. I do not ignore plot. It is hardly conceivable that my plays would reach the footlights if this were so. The absence of plot means the absence of action; and without action, where is your play? I, too, hold that plot is indispensable, but I contend that old schematic, hackneyed, mercantile and bourgeois plots must not be indiscriminately dragged onto our stage, into our literature and art. No second-hand goods, no counterfeit in the theater—no clothing of "dainty lords and ladies" in Komsomol apparel!

To imitate is very easy. When I studied drawing, I was given a sketch of a leaf and instructed to draw an exact copy of it. I was taught to be a copyist. A master Palekh art craftsman or a great portrait artist can never be expected to develop from a copyist and if a dramatist aspires to greatness, and not to being a copyist, he must, when seated at his work table, forget about both Shakespeare and Molière—banish them from his mind. Particularly in view of altered circumstances, with the family not what it was and fundamental problems of our mode of living resolving themselves in a manner quite different from the way they would have resolved themselves before 1917, it behooves us to discover new forms harmonizing with our new realities.

Observe for a moment our best films. Take *Chapayev*, for example. Where is your sparkling schematic plot? There is no such plot! And what a superb tragedy! What have we witnessed in filmdom to excel this masterpiece? Nothing! And what is the secret of *Chapayev's* virtues?—Its truth—truth from beginning to end. *Chapayev* is inval-

uable to us because it typifies true artistic characterization. Of what does the excellence of the Vasilyev brothers, directors of *Chapayev*, consist? From an episode they created a marvelous picture. Such a simple plot as we find in this film is very difficult to handle.

Of Vishnevsky it was said that he was chaotic. Yet observe the popularity which his picture, *We of Kronstadt*, has enjoyed in Spain!

When I began my play, as I stated, I did not know how to build the plot. It was out of the question to think of using the classical Russian dramatist Ostrovsky as a pattern. In the end, how did I go about my task?

The first scene: A soldier at the front. The soldier says he is tired; he wants to go home—he is blue! Thus begins the first small conflict of this drama. Everything is simple and true to life—authentic. In this same simple manner the subsequent scenes unfold; without the slightest complicating of plot or even a hint at observance of the law of unity of time. The public, nevertheless, sits patient, thrilled. The stage and the audience blend into a perfect whole. Why this perfect communion between stage and audience? The October Revolution did not take place within the bounds of four walls. This we all know, and in working on *The Man With the Gun* I discarded all rules and regulations. I did that which to my mind allowed the best expression of my ideas and emotions and best reflects the Great October Revolution.

My method of work on this play does not mean that I hold the opinion that one who wishes to write plays does not need to know the principles of dramatics or understand the theater. Knowledge of both is imperative. If one wishes to write a play, to create characters according to the demands of the theater, one must know the classical inheritance. But once actual work on the play is begun, proceed in a manner convenient to your aims; in a manner which seems best and most interesting to your tastes. Do not concern yourself about what is good or bad in form. Do not tie yourself hand and foot with antiquated laws. Slave-like obedience to worn-out dramatic proprieties is often the cause of pretentious, hollow plays. It is distressing to see that a dramatist knows his factory thoroughly, understands life, but builds his play in a petty-bourgeois framework, kowtows to the bourgeois style of Ostrovsky, stifles his inspiration and originality. In form everything is correct, but in content it is unutterably dull and uninteresting.

In my work upon *The Man With the Gun* all was not "peaches and cream." I failed in my characterization of the worker. He moves, walks and talks as a worker would, but I, the author, know that he is not a complete characterization. Why? I carried Shadrin, as it were, in my bosom. Wake me up in the middle of the night and ask me: "How would Shadrin act under such and such conditions?" and I could tell you how he would buy a loaf of bread or how he would talk to his wife. He was so clear to me that I could see him in any situation. Shadrin for me was as inexhaustible as life itself. If a dramatist, in the process of creative work, does not feel the same way toward thirty per cent of his characters as I feel toward Shadrin, I advise him to lay aside his pen until another day, for all of his characters will speak the same monotonous language. There will be no distinct and individual characterization. I am always ill at

ease when I am obliged to read the play of a beginning dramatist.

First, second, and lastly, the entire list of characters will converse in identical style.

Most writers in general spend too little thought on characterization, whereas it is just the opposite with the director and the actor. How they concentrate! Take Shchukin, for example. How he did apply himself in order to assimilate Lenin's stride! Alone in his cabinet he read, visualized, walked this way and that, for hours, searching for the proper motions. Once in a very intimate gathering, when Shchukin very timidly demonstrated how Lenin would have seated himself at the table, and was highly complimented for the splendid way he had assimilated Lenin's characteristic gestures, he boasted: "I labored three months to accomplish that." This is the way to work on the characterization of a role!

Among us dramatists, distressing to say, we see the very opposite to assiduous application in our work on characterization. We write our plays in a hit-and-miss fashion. We make a shameful showing in comparison with such diligence as that with which Shchukin applies himself. In characterizing Chibisov I fell by the wayside. I should have worked on him much more, until he was a complete, solid figure. Yet my attitude was half-hearted and irresponsible, and what was the result?

Every word of Shadrin's came straight from the heart of a soldier. In every way he rings true and consistent! But such is not the case with Chibisov. His speech is not the speech of a worker, and therefore it is false. Because of this, the actor and the director are handicapped and the audience in its turn is confused. All because I lacked the diligence to carry the development of this personality to completion.

A dramatist must never write a play with a half-hearted attitude. He must feel his character thoroughly from the beginning, and then there will be no false notes. The characters will then develop themselves; they will protest against untrue speeches and illogical gestures.

Often the accusations against us for writing stilted, hollow plays are justified, and come as the result of our own slip-shod attitude toward our work; as the result of our inability to be caught by the flame, purpose, inspiration of our own ideas and patiently knead our characterization.

Now a few words about theatricality. Shadrin enters a house which he is obliged to commandeer. Unexpectedly he encounters his wife and his sister Katya here. He is more than surprised at his wife's presence. His wife gasps and explains how she comes to be here, and all is well. Such incidents do occur in life, but they are dull on the stage. Therefore it was necessary for me to portray this incident theatrically. In drama we must take our roots of life incidents and make them blossom out into theatricalness.

What did I do in the case of Shadrin? Much time had passed since he had seen his wife and sister and he was of course very lonely for them, but when he came to commandeer the mansion of the capitalist, Sibirtsev, family ties ceased to be all-important. Katya enters when Shadrin is lining up the servants of the household, and recognizes her brother. A wave of embarrassment flits over Shadrin's face. By all precedents Shadrin should have embraced her, but Shadrin now is impelled by his social obligation. Thus we have here a dramatic decision of the prob-

lem. His meeting with his wife later is resolved on the same principle. In play-writing an author must never shy away from theatrical pointing of implications. Nothing is more unforgivable than allowing two characters to sit and "converse" an audience into utter despondency.

Lastly, a few words about theatrical speech. Much elaboration on this subject is unnecessary. The play *Aristocrats* is a brilliant example of theatrical speech, more so than *The Man With the Gun*, but in the latter attention to theatrical speech was also imperative. One of my most important scenes—a sailor's meeting with Lenin—comes about in the following manner: Lenin finishes his business in one room and is about to enter another room when a sailor, muddy, untidy and with a Winchester on his shoulder, asks: "Excuse me! Is Comrade Stalin here?" Lenin glances back and answers: "Comrade Stalin is not in Smolny at the moment."

"Excuse me, but where can I find Lenin?"

"What is it, comrade?"

"Excuse me, but—but you're Lenin?

"Yes."

"Excuse me, now I recognize you."

This is theatrical speech. The phrase "Excuse me" is necessary to characterize the sailor.

In conclusion, a bit of advice to those who may wish to write a play: Do not simply scribble your ideas down on paper; declaim them aloud. Do not read your lines as they are written, but listen to how they sound. Fancy how those lines will sound from the stage. Declaim them over and over again. Do not write literary monologues. Nothing is more damning than to have it said: "Yes, that play is literary." A literary play means a bad play. When you write your monologues, endeavor phrase by phrase to play them yourself. With these last words permit me to conclude: *Read your play and listen!*

NIKOLAI POGODIN

NIKOLAI POGODIN'S "THE MAN WITH THE GUN"

Nikolai Pogodin's play, *The Man With the Gun*, which we publish in this issue, was produced by the Vakhtangov Theater, Moscow, for the twentieth anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution. The production was a marked success, and to this day it draws full houses. *The Man With the Gun* is a triumph of theater and dramaturgy, the outstanding production of the past season in Moscow.

Pogodin's drama is not a play to be read. It is written for the stage, and gains much in a good production. Translation cannot render the full flavor of the characteristic speech, just as the foreign reader cannot be expected to appreciate to the full episodes based on colorful national material. Nevertheless, we warmly commend this play to the attention of our readers, for it superbly conveys the ardent spirit of those first days of the Revolution, days which "shook the world," and presents a masterly portrait of the great genius of humanity, Vladimir Lenin.

Once, many years ago, Eisenstein invited a worker to fill the role of Lenin in the film *October*, simply because the worker bore a striking physical resemblance to Lenin. The effect of this physical resemblance lasted no more than a moment, however, and disappointment followed. The impersonation was transparent and the audience expressed its disapproval. For reality on the stage lies not so much in external resemblance as in true portrayal of the essence of life, in true portrayal of the inner content of the figure whom the actor impersonates.

Pogodin found the ways and means to depict the great events of October and their great leader. To accomplish this, the dramatist placed in the thick of events the typical figure of the rank-and-file soldier, Ivan Shadrin, one of those millions of Men With Guns who determined the fate of the Revolution by becoming actively involved in its course.

One of our readers once remarked that a major defect of Vsevolod Vishnevsky's film poem, *We, the Russian People*, is that from the very outset it presents its chief protagonist, Oryol, as a full-blown revolutionary; in other words, his character is static. As a general remark, this comment is not without justification, although it is hardly applicable in the given case, for Vishnevsky's aim was not to show the evolution of his hero.

Pogodin, however, set himself the goal—and succeeded in attaining it—of showing how an ordinary peasant, forced into a soldier's uniform and driven to the front to fight for interests alien to his own, wakes up and begins to take a conscious part in historic events into the midst of which he has fallen by chance. At first Shadrin dreams of a leave, and of a little money to carry him back to his village, repair

the ruined farm, and buy a new cow. Under the influence of the truthful Bolshevik, Leninist message, this ignorant, hardly literate peasant wakes to a conscious life, to revolutionary struggle.

The central episode of the play is Shadrin's meeting with Lenin in the corridor of Smolny Institute, headquarters of the Revolution. In a brief dialogue the playwright unerringly depicts the characteristics which distinguished Lenin as leader and man. We see Lenin's solicitude for the soldier met by chance, we see the leader's ability not only to feel the temper of the masses but to direct their will and thoughts. Simply and naturally Lenin leads Shadrin to the realization of the difference between imperialist and people's war, realization of the fact that, no matter how tired of the trenches, one must again enter the decisive struggle for land, for freedom, if the capitalists and manufacturers attack. And Shadrin goes to fight Kerensky. He not only goes—he becomes commander of a unit. This is a detail, like much in the play, but in this detail the playwright sharply reveals the Bolshevik, Leninist faith in the ability of the masses to create their own free life, to advance talented organizers from their midst.

In correspondence with Lassalle, Marx and Engels pointed out the tremendous significance of the background against which the basic conflict of a play is depicted. Pogodin presents the background—the historic background of the October days—with the skill of a master. The masses on the stage are portrayed vividly. They are marked by unity, by striving for a definite goal, and at the same time within this unity almost every character is individualized. The type characteristics of the chief episodic characters are beyond questioning: the sailor chief of the Smolny guard, the soldiers who fill the Smolny corridors and rooms. The characteristics of the Mensheviks and Socialist-Revolutionaries who come to Lenin and whom Lenin turns out, have been unerringly grasped and are emphasized with telling satire. The playwright succeeded splendidly in the scenes in the home of the Petrograd millionaire manufacturer, ready to deliver the city to the Germans but not to leave it in the hands of the Bolsheviks. Symbolic is the scene in which negotiations between the factory owners, landowners and capitalists, and the envoy of Kaiser Wilhelm, are disrupted by the workers come to take over the mansion for the defense of the city from the counter-revolutionary bands.

Against the background of the masses in action, against the background of events rises the giant figure of Lenin. The spectator, the reader, sees the most varied aspects of the leader of the Socialist Revolution. In the Vakhtangov Theater Peoples' Artist of the U.S.S.R. Shchukin takes the role of Lenin. He plays magnificently. He has succeeded in conveying the essential and characteristic things which distinguished Lenin. American and Western audiences can acquaint themselves with Shchukin's acting in the role of Lenin in the film, *Lenin in October*. In the theater, however, Shchukin has been able to improve his acting, to take into account criticism of his work, whereas the film remains as it was first screened. . . .

Pogodin's play is true to life and historically accurate: a great merit. But, in addition, even in purely formal aspects, one feels the hand of the skilled artist. The dramatic conflict grows with each act. From scene to scene the interest with which the spectator follows the action grows. There are no long monologues, no superfluous characters. Every character has his place, in-

cluding the soldiers in the first act who reappear, for without them the historical background of the play would be incomplete.

Depicting the role played by Lenin and Stalin in the days of October, the play—correctly—concentrates the attention of the reader and spectator on the major ideas of Leninism; among others, on the great significance of the union of the working class and the peasantry. The play shows that in this union the proletariat plays the dominating, leading role. A major defect of *The Man With the Gun* is the fact that the figure of the worker is less successful than others. But the development of Ivan Shadrin from start to finish is brilliantly drawn. It is shown naturally and truthfully. The spectator and reader are convinced that it could not have been otherwise, that in Shadrin's place they would have acted likewise. And in this lies the secret of the play's success. It would be more exact to say the success of the production, for Pogodin's play is inseparable in our minds from the staging in the Vakhtangov Theater, which has been able to intensify the dramatist's conception.

The success of this play has given rise to projects for its filming. If this is done, our readers will be able to see *The Man With the Gun* on the screen in their own countries. Meanwhile the play is a happy and interesting solution of the highly important and responsible task facing Soviet art—to depict in artistic images great historic events and their great leaders who first turned the development of society to the path of Socialism, which all humanity will inevitably tread, in the footsteps of the Soviet people.

V. TAROV

"VERY HEAVEN" AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF RICHARD ALDINGTON

Richard Aldington won immediate renown with his first novel, *Death of a Hero*; and the works which followed from his pen confirmed him as one of the best writers of England today. He is esteemed far beyond the borders of his native land. Soviet readers are well acquainted with his work and follow it with interest.

Very Heaven has met with a particularly favorable reception in the U.S.S.R.—not only because of its acknowledged literary qualities, but primarily because it portrays with great power and insight the highly significant changes taking place today in the attitude of considerable sections of the English bourgeois and petty-bourgeois intelligentsia.

One may sum up the state of mind of contemporary English youth in the statement that it feels itself less a post-war than a pre-war generation. In *Very Heaven* Aldington reveals his clear understanding of the fact that every day the menace of a new world war in which England, too, will inevitably be involved looms larger. "With the chaos of one world war behind us and the threat of a worse one ahead," thus does Aldington—tellingly—estimate the state of the modern world. He realizes who are the carriers of this menace. We read: "Outside that a Europe helpless in the hands of brutal fanatics who in two decades had wrecked the ardent hopes and slow achievements of centuries. From preaching violence as a means to ends never clearly defined or logically thought out, they had come to the point of practising violence for its own sake and to boast of that relapse to savagery as a pinnacle of civilization. Under the pretense of furthering human destiny they had cynically degraded power into subserving the ambitions of packs of gangsters."

These gangsters, unnamed in the novel, who can fail to recognize them as the men who drenched the peaceful fields of Abyssinia in blood, who have been carrying on the intervention in Spain for two years, in an attempt to enslave the free Spanish people, and overthrow their lawful democratic government? Who does not realize that Aldington, wholeheartedly, as a leading progressive writer, is against those who have just robbed the Austrian people of their independence and are preparing the same fate for the people of Czechoslovakia?

In this pre-war situation grave responsibility for the fate of the world rests on Great Britain. Aldington, as *Very Heaven* shows, is worried by the fact that his country is following an obviously incorrect policy at this critical historical moment: "A country oscillating between cynical opportunism and ignorant self-interest, enslaved by the past, misreading the present and heedless of the future, perpetu-

ally praising itself for doing nothing. The patient effort and expense of energy of good men and women wasted, lavished in vain against the frustrations of political trickery, social stupidity and a self-complacency which was certifiable." Wrathful, telling, biting lines. Many months have passed since they were written, but the accusing truth rings as sternly from these words today.

How to escape the danger of being drawn into a new world war? Or, if not to be avoided, how at least to postpone this prospect as long as possible? There are philistines in England who think that by isolation or flight from reality they can preserve an insulated wellbeing. H. G. Wells stigmatized them forcefully and convincingly in his story, *The Croquet Player*, whose hero answers an appeal to join in preventing the return of the world to the Stone Age: "I don't care. The world may be going to pieces. The Stone Age may be returning. This may be, as you say, the sunset of civilization. I'm sorry, but I can't help it. This morning I have other engagements... I am going to play croquet with my aunt at half past twelve today."

Here is that bourgeois individualism on which capitalist society prides itself, carried to its ultimate! This same bourgeois individualism—whose bearers feel no responsible identity with humanity, but oppose their own interests to the interests of others—this same bourgeois individualism characterized the hero of Aldington's novel *All Men Are Enemies*. To his sweetheart's question about what he would do if a new war broke out, he answers, when I see a war like the last one coming, we'll run off to the most neutral country there is.

How characteristic of the French and English policy of looking aside while the aggressors push on. First Abyssinia, then Spain, finally Austria, and, possibly, in the near future, Czechoslovakia! Away with unpleasant facts, close our eyes to danger, seek hiding places from frightening facts behind the curtain of "non-interference," behind anything, that can give the illusion of putting off the ominous menace of being drawn into war. But one cannot remain neutral in the coming war. One must either stand against barbarous fascism or bend the knee before it. There is no middle way. One cannot flee from life; one must take active part in it. *Very Heaven* shows Aldington well advanced toward this understanding.

Very Heaven appeared in England at the beginning of last year; *All Men Are Enemies* some three years earlier. Not a very long period, but how Aldington's outlook has changed in this time!

Very Heaven is in its way a novel about two generations, a sort of English *Fathers and Sons*. Aldington differs from Turgenev, however, first in that his whole sympathy goes unqualifiedly to the "sons." Chris Heylin, the hero of the novel, personifies the new, young generation, in whose powers, energy and abilities the author believes; he imparts to the hero many of his own, alas, unrealized, aspirations.

Aldington took part in the war. He returned from the front, like many others, spiritually ravaged. Most of his novels are devoted to the war. To a great extent they are autobiographical. But before *Very Heaven*, Aldington's outlook and that of his heroes was stricken, it seemed, by the paralysis of pessimism. Aldington's heroes were people of the war-maimed generation. The positive hero fell just at the moment when the opportunity for fruitful activity opened up before him. This followed logically from the writer's outlook.

In *Very Heaven* Aldington for the first time takes a representative

of the post-war generation for his hero; and, what is particularly important, dethrones the ideals and views of the generation of "veterans of the war." He emphasizes that "there are differences between young Englishmen of today and of yesterday."

At first glance, *Very Heaven* would appear to belong to the traditional novel of family life. But only on first glance. The novel shows the conditions that are bringing about the collapse of that holy of holies of the English bourgeoisie—its primary cell—the benign, conservative, puritan, hypocritical, philistine, limited family.

The central figure is Chris Heylin. His mother comes from an impoverished aristocratic family; his father from the family of a "simple" butcher who has become rich through speculation during the Boer War. On the assumption that "a university was the proper thing for a decent man," Chris is sent to college, to receive the education of a son of rich English parents. His father's bungling financial operations bring the family to ruin. Chris is called home. His mother has a plan, crude and typical—of matrimonial deals. Chris' sister Julie is to be given in marriage to the rich baronet Gerald Hartman, and Chris is to marry the well-to-do widow, Mrs. Milfess. Despite all her cunning and the mobilization of family authority, the mother's scheme falls through. True, Chris fails to dissuade his sister from becoming an expensive concubine, but he plans his own life and lives it independently, in defiance of the will of his parents.

Chris sets out to earn his own living. But this proves to be a difficult task in contemporary England. Only through the aid of Professor Chepston, who acts as his patron, does Chris find work as a librarian for the fabulously rich Ripplesmere. Thus begins Chris' rebellion, which gradually evolves from a protest against the oppressive family code of philistine England to complete denial of bourgeois society's *raison d'etre*.

One after another Aldington dethrones the "fathers." The arrows of his sarcasm pierce even the hero's distant ancestors, Chris' grandfather for example: "It was during the Boer War that old Heylin made (and kept) his bit—odd how those splendidly disinterested examples of national defense *do* seem to enrich a certain type of patriot. And a very nice bit, too—a hundred thousand, they said, when the old man was made Mayor."

Aldington flatly denies the bourgeoisie's faith in the idea that money is a guarantee of happiness. Despite his millions, "One by one, old Heylin's sons and daughters departed in anger, burdened with the grievous weight of an injured father's curses." Time and again in the novel Aldington shows the ruins of the lives of those who seek a parasitic existence on unearned income. Chris' father is unflatteringly portrayed, but the most ruthless portrait is that of Chris' mother. The reader first makes Mrs. Heylin's acquaintance while she eavesdrops on a conversation between Chris, just returned from London, and his sister Julie. In this little incident one notes Aldington's typical manner of immediately introducing his characters, in either a favorable or unfavorable light. And from that beginning Aldington develops her character consistently, tears off her guise of a lady of "decent society" and presents the reader, in the final rendering with a repulsive, drunken old woman "with a singular mixture of pluck, narrow cunning, brazen mercenary calculation and maudling sentimental talk."

Nevertheless, Chris' parents are not Aldington's chief target. The

writer directs his sharpest blows against the people whom he ironically calls "the noble survivors of the Great War generation." Here is the new, marking off this novel from Aldington's previous works. The writer undertakes a revaluation of the ideals, aspirations and beliefs of the generation to which he himself belongs; a revaluation from the viewpoint of the new generation of Englishmen who have taken the path of revolt against bourgeois society. Professor Chepston and Baronet Hartman are negative people. Chepston is an inflated, swaggering and untalented pedant, whose aid to Chris is selfishly calculated. Chepston inspires repulsion in the reader, a repulsion, heightening as the plot develops. Baronet Hartman, who marries Chris' sister, is even more loathsome. The reader involuntarily clenches his fist with the disclosure that the baronet has infected his young wife with syphilis. It is people of the type of Hartman and Chepston who were the carriers of the idea of "a great war in defense of culture and civilization!" In the figure of Chepston Aldington holds up to scorn the "pacifism" which he hates so deeply, of people whose activity, in his neat expression, is "merely lamb bleating to lamb while the wolf looks on and sharpens his teeth." However, to the baronet the writer imparts the characteristic of a potential fascist, for whom "a couple of explosive bullets" is the approved argument.

The culmination of Aldington's sarcasm is the masterfully drawn portrait of the millionaire Ripplesmere (Rothermere?). When Chris first met Ripplesmere "he saw a middle-sized, flop-bellied old man dressed in rather old-fashioned blue serge clothes with a blue polka-dot bow tie. His large ugly hands were manicured. His forehead looked higher than it really was owing to the strategic retreat of his front hair. A large portion of his red face seemed to have slipped under his chin, giving him the appearance of a pink frog. The slipping had pulled down the lower eyelids, so that Mr. Ripplesmere looked upon the world with the deceptively aristocratic gaze of a mournful blood-hound." This repulsive exterior matches the inner man. Ripplesmere is one of those British diehards who howls "nowadays every man under thirty is a potential Bolshevik" and that "a feller who doesn't believe in god's not a gentleman." Aldington shows that the socially useless Ripplesmeres are worse than useless, they trample on the interests of society. It is these ignoramuses who fear the spread of education among the people. We must note a special characteristic which Aldington imparts to Ripplesmere. In conversation with Chris, Ripplesmere declares that "no artist can be *too* romantic for me. I love Romance, it suits my temperament, I crave for it." (Italics Aldington's.—T. R). By this statement of a representative of a class rejected by him Aldington emphasizes his adherence to the realistic method of creation.

Such is the world of the "fathers," in which, as we see, Aldington has not found a single bright spot. In contrast to this world is that of the "sons." Its major protagonist is Chris Heylin. To Chris the author gives his most sincere sympathy. But it would be a serious error to assume that Chris is but Aldington's *alter ego*. As we see further on, the author of *Very Heaven* approaches his hero somewhat ironically. There is a substantial basis for this.

Bourgeois literature hardly knows a single successfully depicted positive hero. As a rule, a positive hero can be portrayed successfully only in opposition to the capitalist system. This is what we see in *Very Heaven*. Characteristically Alding-

ton's new positive hero is inclined to rebellion against bourgeois England; he is a man to whom capitalist London is "that stony-hearted stepmother." Chris studies *Das Kapital*, rereads *The Communist Manifesto*, with "fresh unexpected agreement," and finds friends among Communist students. Still he is far from becoming a proletarian fighter. Aldington brings Chris to Communism gradually and carefully. The writer shows the full growth process of the feeling of social protest, how Chris arrives at the thought that economics is the key to the solution of social problems. At the same time, Aldington does not hide the fact that Chris remains under the influence of the chief theoreticians of bourgeois ideology and only slowly liberates himself from it. Aldington is wise in this, for such is the path to Communism of many representatives of the Left British intelligentsia.

Nevertheless Aldington is still too reserved in his depiction of the political moods of his hero, the reason for which, we believe, lies deep in the author's outlook. With all his erudition, paraded in *Very Heaven* sometimes without call, Aldington still maintains an idealistic position in the field of history. He sees the past as a sort of combat between the forces of Good and Evil. War and social injustice are for him only fatal blunderings of humanity. One must assume that Chris speaks for Aldington himself when he says that "we can only be released by knowing." Although the author of *Very Heaven* speaks of historical materialism and is apparently acquainted with Marxism, he has not absorbed its essence. Hence the exaggerated significance which he gives to reason as the decisive factor in world history, hence his underestimation of economic forces, and his shrinking from the use of force in the solution of social problems. Basic in Marxism is the inevitability of the establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat as a transition stage from capitalism to Communism; Aldington has not arrived at a realization of that principle.

It is natural that the hero of *Very Heaven* exhibits the characteristics of Aldington's own ideology. On many questions Chris comes close to a correct point of view. He understands that in bourgeois society the most important requirements of the human being are "frustrated for the sake of dividends." He sees that he and his comrades, who do not have sources of unearned income, are "the not wanteds," whom he foresees "the train was hurtling to destruction." And still Chris does not reach the realization that the thing is not to explain the world, but to change it. Here is his credo: "The struggle is of minds, of conflicting personae; I shall not cease from *mental* strife." (Author's italics.—T. R.) Education—there is the path to the ideal social system: "Now, if it can be shown," says Chris in one of his numerous reflections, "that these things are not innate, but have their origins in dead religion or magic, we've taken the first step toward correcting them." Chris is far from understanding the importance of the collective action of the masses. The defects of his outlook express themselves primarily in a propensity toward reverie. Chris himself senses this weakness and comes to the conclusion "what was the use of working at mere words in a world which needed action?" And this side of him is noticed by a friend, who turns upon him, caustically: "But haven't you yet learned that actions are ever so much better than words?"

At one point Chris is with Martha, whom he loves, and in the midst of intimacies the hero embarks on a long, dullard's conversation with

her. Here Aldington seems to be aiming (perhaps even unconsciously) to focus upon and mock Chris' most serious defect—this weakness for reflection.

Chris' political views, behavior and acts are to be explained, among many other things, by one important factor, invisible but present in the novel, and strongly influencing all the characters of the book—the Soviet Union. Little is said of the Soviet Union directly. However, the world of "fathers" is sharply inimical toward the Land of Socialism. The word Moscow is sufficient to madden Ripplesmere. Chris' parents complain bitterly that their son returned from college stuffed with Russian propaganda. The "sons" look differently on the Soviet Union. Chris himself speaks of the U.S.S.R. often, and with affection and warmth. Reading a pamphlet on the new achievements of the Soviet Union, Chris thinks: "If these claims were exact... then when the have-nots of the world learned of them, revolution would cease to be probable—it became a certainty." But even in Chris' thoughts, sympathetic as they are to the U.S.S.R., one plainly feels falterings, tinges of doubt in the cause of the construction of Socialism, which has already been successfully built, in the main, in the Soviet land. But in some achievements of the U.S.S.R. Chris believes unhesitatingly. Moodily he tells Martha that they, alas, must avoid having children. "If we lived in Russia the question wouldn't arise. But unluckily we live in the tail-end of a singularly stupid bourgeois regime."

The novel has one more character from the world of the "sons" on whom one must dwell, Chris' friend, the Communist student, Hoade, an episodic figure in the novel. The portraiture here is pale and schematic. The reason is not merely that Hoade plays a minor role in the development of the plot. Aldington was able to create a striking and memorable figure in the keeper of a pub into which Chris once happens to drop. This was necessary to the writer, for the pub keeper serves as a spokesman of the sentiments of the people. One feels that the schematicism of Hoade is to be explained by Aldington's dual attitude toward him. In Hoade the writer showed, in his own words, a type of pseudo-Communist who came to Communism accidentally. Aldington is against such an inorganic, bookish acceptance of Marxism. At the same time, he apparently did not wish to attack even such an inadequate member of the British Communist Party. Chris theoretically considers himself a Communist, but he is still unripe for active membership in the only proletarian party of the British working class. But Aldington keeps the door open for Chris.

Very Heaven stops short at the most interesting moment. The line of the plot seems to have been cut off with a knife. This, together with the incompleteness of the figure of Chris himself, leaves the impression that Aldington has not completed the history of his hero and will return to it in a future novel. Along what lines can the further evolution of Chris develop? Here we advance into the conjectural. But there are certain quite real bases for conjecture.

The young Left English writer Christopher Sprigg recently fell on the field of battle against the insurgents and fascist interventionists in Spain. Before he left for the front young Chris, as he was called in London literary circles, finished a book under the evocative title, *Illusion and Reality*. In Sprigg's life, in the whole figure of this young Chris there are characteristics which recall the Chris of Aldington's novel, who also traveled

the path from illusion to reality.

A course different from the flight from the danger of a new war, projected in *All Men Are Enemies,* is marked out for the British intelligentsia in *Very Heaven.* This is a way out through the active participation in life, with which *Very Heaven* closes. This is the path which many of the best sons of the British people have traveled, in particular those who barred the path of fascism at the approaches to Madrid, in the ranks of the International Brigade. The progressive British intelligentsia rightly prides itself on the names of Sprigg, Fox, and Cornford, who gave their young lives for the cause of advanced humanity; prides itself on the names of others who courageously fought and are fighting against the fascist interventionists. Will Chris Heylin take the path of active anti-fascist strugle? There are indications in *Very Heaven* itself. Summing up, as it were, at the end of the novel, a final evaluation of the personality of Chris, Professor Chepston — that clearcut representative of the generation of "fathers" writes to him: "If you are a typical specimen of young English manhood and I've some reason to think you do represent a certain uncouth section, then God help England!" Chepston's fear is quite justified. The idea of Communism is gaining more and more supporters not only among the British proletariat, but also among the British bourgeois and petty-bourgeois intelligentsia, particularly in the ranks of the "sons."

We have seen that Aldington realizes the typicality of the figure of Chris, who embodies for the writer what is best in the post-war generation of the British intelligentsia. Chris has already taken the path of revolt. This is a logical step, developing from his rejection of capitalism as a rational social system. Will the rebelling Chris become a revolutionary? This depends primarily on the evolution of Aldington's outlook.

The quicker Aldington realizes his place as a leading writer in the struggle of progressive humanity against fascist aggression, the sooner he understands the historic mission of the working class, the more brilliantly will his creation flower, the more eloquently will it call his readers to the struggle for the realization of that reign of reason of which the writer dreams and which has already been achieved in the Soviet Union. For this, however, Aldington must first drop his fear of revolutionary force and understand the thought of Marx, brilliant in its simplicity, that revolution is the midwife of history. Aldington knows Marxism, but he has not yet completely overcome survivals of the influence of various bourgeois theories. This is marked, for instance, in the fact that in *Very Heaven* the author devotes disproportionate attention to sex problems. Only by completely dropping Freudism, and overcoming the influence of D. H. Lawrence, its major representative in English literature, can Aldington end the duality which tortures his hero Chris.

Life is giving bitter lessons to the British intelligentsia and at the same time is advancing brilliant examples before it. On the one hand, menace of fascist aggression, on the other, inspiration of the unheard-of successes and victories of the Socialist system, the flowering of democracy in the U.S.S.R.—all this spurs the British intelligentsia toward the creation of a peoples' front of struggle against fascist barbarity, against the new imperialist slaughter being prepared by fascism. The work of such mass Left organizations of the British intelligentsia as for instance the Left Book Club, is widening. To the Left front in litera-

ture and art more and more groups of intellectuals are attaching themselves. Briffault well expressed the feelings and thoughts of the advanced English intelligentsia when he hailed the U.S.S.R. as his spiritual fatherland.

Without doubt more and more detachments of the proletariat and the intelligentsia of England, the land of the oldest constitution in the world, will take the path of active participation in the struggle against the fascist aggressors who are wiping out the last remains of bourgeois democracy. Aldington's *Very Heaven* is a striking indication of the situation of the English intelligentsia. This novel inspires the masses with hatred for the generation of Ripplesmeres, Chepstons and Hartmans. That is the great service of its talented author. Aldington's Soviet friends will follow his further creative development with great attention. We are deeply interested in what path he will lead his hero Chris, for whose delineation the humanist writer has found the suitable color, the accurate word; and, what is most important, a great love of his hero personifying, in Aldington's concept, the dawn of a new life to come for England.

TIMOFEI ROKOTOV

SPEECH OF COMRADE STALIN

At the Kremlin Reception of Higher School Personnel on May 17, 1938

Comrades!

Permit me to propose a toast to science, to its flourishing, to the health of the people of science.

To the flourishing of science, to that science which does not fence itself off from the people, which does not keep itself at a distance from the people, but is ready to serve the people, is ready to pass on all the conquests of science to the people, which serves the people not from compulsion but voluntarily, readily. *(Applause.)*

To the flourishing of science, that science which does not allow its old and recognized leaders to close themselves smugly in the shell of pontiffs of science, in the shell of monopolists of science, which understands the meaning, significance and omnipotence of the union of old workers of science with young workers of science, which voluntarily and readily opens all the doors of science to the young forces of our country and gives them the opportunity to conquer the summits of science, which recognizes that the future belongs to the youth in science. *(Applause.)*

To the flourishing of science, that science the people of which, while understanding the power and significance of established traditions in science and while skillfully utilizing them in the interests of science, nevertheless do not want to be slaves of these traditions, which has the daring and determination to break away from old traditions, standards and policies when they become antiquated, when they become a brake on progress, and which is capable of creating new traditions, new standards, new lines. (*Applause.*)

Science, in its development, knows not a few courageous people who were capable of breaking the old and creating the new, regardless of any obstacles, despite everything. Such men of science as Galileo, Darwin and many others are universally known. I should like to dwell upon one of such coryphaei of science who is at the same time the greatest man of modern times. I have in view Lenin, our teacher, our educator. (*Applause.*) Call to mind the year 1917. On the basis of a scientific analysis of the social development of Russia, on the basis of a scientific analysis of the international situation, Lenin then came to the conclusion that the only way out of the situation was the victory of Socialism in Russia. This was more than an unexpected conclusion for many people of science of that time. Plekhanov, one of the outstanding people of science, spoke then with contempt about Lenin, asserting that Lenin was "raving." Others, no less well-known people of science, were asserting that "Lenin had gone mad," that he ought to be hidden somewhere farther away. All sorts of people of science then howled against Lenin as a man who was destroying

science. But Lenin was not afraid to go against the current, against inertia. And Lenin triumphed. (*Applause.*)

Here you have an example of a man of science bravely waging a struggle against obsolete science and paving the way for the new science.

It also happens that new ways of science and technology are sometimes paved not by people universally known in science, but by people quite unknown in the scientific world, by simple people, by practical workers, by innovators. Here at the same table sit Comrades Stakhanov and Papanin, men unknown in the scientific world, not possessing scientific degrees, practical man of their work. But who does not know that Stakhanov and the Stakhanovites in their practical work in the sphere of industry overthrew as obsolete existing standards, established by well-known men of science and technology, and introduced new standards corresponding to the demands of true science and technology? Who does not know that Papanin and the Papaninites, in their practical work on the drifting ice floe, by the way, without any special difficulty, upset the old conception of the Arctic as antiquated, and established a new one corresponding to the demands of true science? Who can deny that Stakhanov and Papanin are innovators in science, men of our progressive science?

Such are the other "miracles" to be found in science.

I spoke of science. But there is science of all kinds. The science of which I spoke is called *progressive* science.

To the flourishing of our progressive science!

To the people of progressive science!

To Lenin and Leninism!

To Stakhanov and the Stakhanovites!

To Papanin and the Papaninites! (*Applause.*)

SPEECH OF COMRADE MOLOTOV ON HIGHER EDUCATION

At the First All-Union Conference of Higher School Personnel, on May 15, 1938

Comrades, permit me to convey to you, the First All-Union Conference of Higher School Personnel, and through you, to all workers of the higher school and to Soviet students—Bolshevik greetings of the Central Committee of the Party and of the Council of Peoples Commissars of the U. S. S. R. *(Stormy applause. Exclamations of "Long live our great teacher, Comrade Stalin, hurrah! Long live the Bolshevik Party! Long live Comrade Stalin's faithful comrade in-arms, Comrade Molotov!" Stormy applause.)*

I. Development of Higher Education in the U. S. S. R.

Comrades, our higher school has, by now, passed through a very important period of its development. Twenty academic years of the higher school have passed under Soviet power. The last decade, in the course of which we effected a radical reconstruction of the higher school, has passed.

In 1928, the question of the higher school arose before us as one of the most important political tasks. This became clear to us after the exposure of the Shakhty wreckers from the camp of bourgeois specialists. It was then revealed with special force how weak in general was the Soviet country in technical forces, how still tenacious was the bourgeois influence and how widespread was the work of foreign agents among old specialists, and how poor we then were in cadres of new, truly Soviet specialists.

As in other important matters, Comrade Stalin was the principal initiator in the reorganization of the higher educational establishments and higher technical educational establishments in the course of 1928-29.

The Central Committee of the Bolshevik Party had to occupy itself closely with this question. As a result the network of our higher educational establishments and the number of their students increased considerably. Technical and other higher educational establishments were handed over to the people's commissariats directly interested in the training of cadres. The contingent of students in higher educational establishments was renewed considerably, primarily with children of the working class. The relative importance of the higher school in the public life of the country rose considerably. The higher school assumed a footing in conformity with the new demands of the Soviet state.

Your conference has met at a moment when we are already able to say that the reorganization of the higher educational establishments has, in the main, been completed. Higher educational establishments have been built in our country. It is not merely a matter of the number of higher educational estab-

lishments and the number of their students, it is not merely a matter of revised educational programs, plans, and so on. The reorganization of higher educational establishments has in the main been completed, completed in the sense that they are now constructed in accordance with the needs of a state building Socialism.

This does not mean that we are entirely satisfied with the situation in higher education, that we have no great defects in this matter. On the contrary, we shall still have to speak about these defects. But the present higher educational establishments are no longer the higher educational establishments that we had in the first years of Soviet power and even ten years ago. If we take our higher education as a whole, our higher schools, technical and military, pedagogical and medical, and also other schools, we already have such an organization of this field as, in the main, conforms to all the most important needs of the Soviet state. It is not difficult to point to many shortcomings and, if you like, entire failures in certain branches of our higher education. The All-Union Conference of Higher School Personnel has indeed been convened in order that it may help to develop properly, with all energy and organization, the struggle against these shortcomings. Your task is made easier by the fact that the network of basic higher educational establishments has been built, that the entire field of higher education has already received scope worthy of the Soviet Union, and that we have all that is necessary for the further development of the higher school, for the flourishing of higher education.

Compare the position of our higher school with the higher school of capitalist states and you will see a colossal difference in favor of the U.S.S.R. The destiny of the higher school in capitalist states and in the Soviet Union, like every other important social phenomenon, reflects the radical difference in the development of two worlds—the capitalist and the Socialist. In the lands of capitalism, the higher school is experiencing the hard times of crisis, of decline. It is a different matter in the U.S.S.R. In our country the picture is reversed.

Let us take the latest figures to be found in the press on higher schools in capitalist countries. We get the following picture of the number of students in higher educational establishments: in France and in Germany—74,000 in each; in Italy—73,000; in Great Britain (proper)—51,000. In all the four so-called "great powers" of Europe, taken together, the number of students in higher educational establishments reaches 270,000. Let us add to this that the number of students in the higher educational establishments of Japan amounts to 146,000. Thus, the number of students in the higher educational establishments of Germany, Italy, Britain, France and Japan, taken together, amounts to a little more than 400,000. Compare this with the situation in the U.S.S.R. The Soviet Union alone, with its 550,000 students in the higher schools, has more students than all the higher educational establishments of the great powers of Europe together with Japan. (*Applause.*) We have a right to be proud of such a situation. The working class, the peasantry and the intelligentsia of the Soviet Union may be proud of the fact that our higher school stands on a high level of development, that the workers' and peasants' state displays in this matter such solicitude as is beyond the strength of the honorable bourgeois states. (*Applause.*)

You also know that for a number of bourgeois states it is characteristic that in recent years the number of higher educational establishments and their students not only does not increase but is decreasing. The higher school in bourgeois countries is not only beyond the means of working people, but, in many cases, experiences a decline as compared even with past years.

This notwithstanding, unemployment among the learned professions is growing in all bourgeois countries. This holds not only for Europe but also for America. There are already such branches of intellectual labor in which half the specialists with a higher education remain without work, and often also without the assurance of a crust of bread. Just try to find an unemployed scientist, an unemployed specialist in our country! We would give a premium to anyone who would find an unemployed scientist in our country! (*Applause, laughter.*) In our country the situation presents the opposite problem. The Soviet higher school now already graduates up to 100,000 specialists yearly, and we still have a considerable shortage of specialists in many branches of work. In our conditions such things as "unemployment in the learned professions" simply sound absurd.

It is also said that men in the learned professions in capitalist countries are punished with grave unemployment because many of them have, for too long, displayed inability to understand the reactionary nature and rottenness of modern capitalism. There is a grain of truth in this remark. Learned men and specialists of bourgeois society are offspring of the propertied strata, of bourgeois and petty bourgeois classes. From that society it is now impossible to expect good, progressive social upbringing. Consequently, bourgeois and petty bourgeois intellectuals are not infrequently distinguished by inability to understand that the capitalist system has already outlived its day. Many of them continue to cling to that system, and it cruelly pays them for it by the growth of unemployment among the learned professions. But, while the workers and many peasants in bourgeois countries are becoming more and more imbued with a revolutionary rejection of capitalism, an ever greater part of the intelligentsia, from its democratic strata in the first place, also must inevitably proceed along the same road.

It may be said that in many countries capitalism has already reached the point where it has in the working class its uncompromising enemy. The number of discontented people grows not only among workers, but also among peasants, among the lower office employees, among artisans. The number of discontented people grows also among the intellectual professions—teachers, physicians, engineers, agronomists, professors, writers, scientists. An ever greater number of people in bourgeois countries, including also offspring of the privileged strata of society, of the learned professions and of the intelligentsia, are becoming convinced of the fact that capitalism is no longer capable of insuring the development of culture, the development of science, that it is no longer capable of serving the cause of progress. These people are turning their eyes in our direction. But it is not enough to become convinced of the inability of capitalism to serve the cause of progress, neither is it enough to understand the danger of fascism which is generated by modern capitalism rotting at its roots. It is necessary also to find the road from capitalism to the new order. And this is what arouses an

interest in the Soviet Union, in our work, in our cultural growth, in the development of technique and science in the U.S.S.R. We are studied; on our example people test their criticism of capitalism and the ways of building up a new society. All this imposes on us a responsibility not only to the public opinion of our country, but also to the public opinion of all progressive mankind. *(Stormy applause.)*

II. The Decisive Task of the Higher School in Our Days

Much has been said at your conference about the shortcomings of our higher school. And this is right. There are not a few of these shortcomings. Together with the growth of our demands to the higher school, these shortcomings become clearer to us, and these demands grow and will grow still more.

Having built up a mighty network of higher educational establishments in accordance with the gigantic demands of the state, we are still far from having introduced proper order in this field. Whatever branch of the higher school we may take, we feel this at every step.

Take planning in the development of higher educational establishments. We have considerable branches of national economy and culture which are poorly provided in the training of cadres of specialists. The process of training national cadres of specialists in a number of republics is also unsatisfactory. Much still remains to be done in this sphere.

Your conference has devoted much attention to questions of educational plans and programs in the higher school. That was necessary. It is necessary to put an end to frequent changes in educational plans and programs, to introduce stability here. To estimate all this, establishing educational programs corresponding to modern demands and putting an end to the superfluous many-subject system which hampers study means to eliminate a number of wrecking infamies that are seriously hampering the development of the higher school.

Now take the question of leading cadres of higher educational establishments. Not a little attention was recently devoted to the selection of directors and cadres of professors and teachers. But there are many weak spots in this field, too. It is not enough to select; it is also necessary to guide these cadres. And yet the central administrations of educational establishments not infrequently work very poorly. Even the Committee on Higher Schools still has to work a great deal on the selection of leading cadres of higher educational establishments and on the proper carrying out of the staff-salary system.

Comparatively little has been said here about students' organizations. And yet they play an important role in the higher school. The creation of favorable conditions for study, the insuring of conscious discipline among students and the social education of the youth greatly depend upon their work. One cannot but note what was said at this conference in the speech of the student Makarova. In her statement, in particular regarding the indifferent attitude of directors of higher educational establishments to freshmen in higher schools, Comrade Makarova emphasized how prevalent bureaucracy and a soulless attitude toward the student youth still are in our higher schools. She also justly defended her Library College because in our country, where such enormous demand for books and for knowledge has developed in the people, library work has attained great state significance. Students' organ-

izations must make themselves more felt when necessary.

In addition the Committee on Higher Schools must pay more attention to the erection of higher educational establishments, and to providing better technical equipment, and to the further improvement of the living conditions of the students. Our people's commissariats must be able to count on the help of the Committee more strongly. But it may already be said that as compared with the first period of the work of the Committee, when bourgeois degenerates and wreckers had wormed themselves into the leadership, the Committee has now started working in a new way. (*Applause.*)

It is possible and necessary to speak of many defects in the higher school. There are really many of them. This was spoken of in the reports and speeches at this conference. But at present it is necessary to concentrate attention upon the main one. It is necessary to recognize that among all the defects of the higher school, the main one at present is the lack of good textbooks. This is recognized both by professors and students. Not a little has been said here about the shortage of textbooks. But this question must be placed not along with others, but as a question of first rate importance.

We have quite a number of textbooks. There are old textbooks that are not bad, there are also good revised textbooks. The publication of more and more new textbooks is under preparation. A large plan for the publication of textbooks is outlined for 1938. But this does not at all mean that the foregoing plan for the publication of textbooks has been in any way seriously prepared. This plan should not be reduced merely to formal approval, but carefully checked. It has also been justly pointed out that even textbooks already prepared are not always ensured timely publication. But the chief question does not lie in the publishing field. Stress must be laid on the preparation, on the writing of textbooks. You know from the example of the publication of one textbook for the secondary school, how serious is the question of textbooks conforming to our present needs. Written by Professor Shestakov and his group, the textbook on the History of the U. S. S. R. received, as is known, not first, but second prize. And the Central Committee of the C. P. S. U. (Bolsheviks) had also to put in not a little work upon it. (*Applause.*)

A great deal of work must be done to properly insure the publication of good textbooks. It is first of all necessary skillfully to assemble the scientific and teaching forces needed for this purpose. It is necessary to work much, persistently and seriously to organize them according to appropriate branches. To exercise correct guidance in this matter means to carry through a really serious and very intelligent work.

We require a textbook corresponding to modern needs. It should be on the level of modern science and its language should be comprehensible to the students. It should give the student breadth of knowledge and at the same time prepare him for his future practical activity. It should widely utilize our former textbooks and foreign textbooks in which there is very much that is of value, and at the same time, it should, in proper measure, correspond to the tasks of the ideological, political education of the youth. The higher school should have and will have a good Soviet textbook. (*Applause.*)

There is no need to prove that students are in need of this. Suffice it to say, that no higher education-

al establishments are to be found which are properly provided with good textbooks. Students are eager for good Soviet textbooks. Too long have they been waiting. Such a textbook will also facilitate the entire work of the professors. Without appropriate textbooks, even good teaching often becomes valueless, and we cannot reconcile ourselves to this. The question is also raised of the publication of textbooks on such subjects as the Stalinist Constitution, collective farm development, Socialist planning, national-economic statistics and others.

We can now seriously pose the question of textbooks for the higher school. We have cadres of scientific and pedagogical workers who will cope with this great task with honor. Professors and instructors, old scientists and young scientific workers, must take up this work as one of the most important and urgent state tasks. It is our duty to create for this the necessary organizational prerequisites, to facilitate the work of appropriate authors and groups of authors. Here work will be found for many, interesting and exceptionally valuable work for the Soviet state. One need have no doubt that this work will lead to a more serious critical test of our educational programs and plans and will raise some new questions on the higher school, and in the field of science as well. While we are organizing the publication of these textbooks, we shall have to republish many old ones, even those which far from satisfy us now. It must be recognized that the higher school needs new textbooks, such Soviet textbooks as will give it a firm basis for further development. While in the past, Bolsheviks had to occupy themselves much with agitational pamphlets and resolutions, our tasks now are more complex, and let there better be fewer resolutions and more good Soviet textbooks. (*Aplause.*)

If your conference will give the necessary impulse, it will be an important achievement. We must not forget the many shortcomings in the higher school, but we must grasp wherein lies the chief shortcoming. All this must lead us to the conclusion that the *decisive task* consists in *providing the higher school with good textbooks*, worthy of our great cause, of the cause of Socialism. We shall then undoubtedly raise the higher school to a new and higher level, and it will then take on the added brightness of these new successes. (*Applause.*)

III. Significance of Ideological-Political Education

Why do we Bolsheviks attach so much importance to ideological-political education? Why? Because our cause, the cause of Socialism, demands it. Our cause is so great, the reshaping of life by Soviet power introduces such fundamental changes that under our conditions it is impossible to confine oneself merely to everyday affairs and current needs; it is necessary to have an intelligent attitude toward the general path of our development, toward the historic events, in which we are participants. We Bolsheviks consider that Leninism can serve as a reliable compass in historic events, the true essence of which it reveals. To master Leninism—this is the most important task of the higher school personnel, the most important task of Soviet students.

To clarify my thought, I shall dwell on the manner in which Leninism conceives the task of the transition from capitalism to Socialism. Leninism teaches that Socialism may be built only out of the material left us by capitalism, that Socialism may be built not by the hands of some "pure" and

righteous Socialists, brought up outside of capitalist society, who do not and cannot exist in real life, but by the hands of those people who exist, with their actual faults and virtues, who grew up and were educated in the very midst of capitalist society. The great significance of these ideas of Lenin is brought home to us by the ever new facts of our time. Hence, I shall quote here one of the remarkable utterances of V. I. Lenin on this question. I cite from Lenin's article *Successes and Difficulties of Soviet Power*, written in March, 1919. This is what Lenin wrote:

"The old utopian Socialists imagined that Socialism could be built with a different sort of people, that they would first train nice, clean, splendidly educated people and build Socialism through them. We have always laughed at this and said that this is a doll's game, that this is an amusement for the simpering young ladies of parlor Socialism, but not serious politics.

"We wish to build Socialism with those people who were reared by capitalism, spoiled, corrupted by it, but then tempered by it in the struggle. There are proletarians who are so tempered that they are capable of enduring a thousand times greater sacrifice than any army: there are tens of millions of oppressed peasants, dark, scattered, but capable of rallying around the proletariat in the struggle, provided the proletariat uses skillful tactics. And then there are specialists of science and technique, permeated through and through with the bourgeois outlook, there are military experts who have been trained under bourgeois conditions—and, what is still worse, under landowner, rule-of-the-club or feudal conditions. As far as national economy is concerned, all the agronomists, engineers and teachers—they all have come from the propertied class; they have not fallen from the sky! The propertyless proletarian from the bench and the peasant from the plough could not study in the university either under Tsar Nicholas or under Wilson, president of a republic. Science and technique—for the rich, for the property owners; capitalism gives culture only to the minority. And we must build Socialism out of this culture. We have no other material. We wish to build Socialism immediately out of the material which capitalism left us yesterday for today, right now, and not with those people who will be raised in hothouses, were we to toy with this fairy tale. We have bourgeois specialists, and nothing else. We have no other bricks, we have nothing to build with. Socialism must triumph and we Socialists and Communists must show in practice that we are capable of building Socialism out of these bricks, out of this material, of building a Socialist society out of proletarians who have had the benefit of a negligible amount of culture, and out of bourgeois specialists.

"If you will not build a Communist society out of this material you are empty phrasemongers, chatterers.

"That is how the question is posed by the historic legacy of world capitalism! That is the difficulty with which we were concretely faced when we took power, when we received the Soviet apparatus!

"This is one-half of the task, and it is the major half of the task. The Soviet apparatus means that the working people are so united as to crush capitalism under the weight of their mass unity. It is they who have crushed it. But your hunger is not appeased by crushed capitalism. It is necessary to take hold of the entire culture that

capitalism has left behind and build Socialism from it. It is necessary to take all science, technique, all knowledge, art. Without this we will not be able to build the life of the Communist society. And this science, technique, art is in the hands of the specialists, and in their heads.

"Thus, is the task posed in all spheres—a task with as many contradictions as has all of capitalism, a most difficult task but one that can be fulfilled. Not because we shall rear pure Communist specialists after twenty years: the first generation of Communists without blemish and without reproach; no, I beg your pardon, we must arrange everything today, not after twenty years but after two months, in order to combat the bourgeoisie, bourgeois science and technique the world over. Here we must win. By our mass weight we must force the bourgeois specialists to serve us—this is difficult, but possible; and if we do this we will win."

You see that Lenin from the very first quite definitely raised the question as to how exactly, from what material exactly it is possible to build Socialism, and you see how far we have advanced along this road. He sharply ridiculed the arguments that to build Socialism it is necessary first to rear "nice, clean, splendidly educated people," "people who will be raised in hothouses." Smashing these arguments with scorn, he said: "We wish to build Socialism with those people who were reared by capitalism, spoiled, corrupted by it but then tempered by it in the struggle." He pointed out that in capitalist society, along with the bourgeoisie and other masters of the situation, there also exist proletarians from whom capitalism forges a heroic army of fighters for Socialism and who with skillful tactics may lead with them millions of peasants and small urban people. But he also pointed to the fact that this is not enough, that it is necessary to draw into the cause of building Socialism, which is to take the place of capitalist society, the engineers, teachers, agronomists and other intellectuals who emerged from the propertied classes and were trained in the bourgeois spirit. Lenin pointed out that without drawing in the bourgeois specialists it is impossible to set about building Socialism. He said even at that time: "We have no other bricks, we have nothing to build with. Socialism must triumph, and we Socialists and Communists must show in practice that we are capable of building Socialism out of these bricks, out of this material, of building a Socialist society out of proletarians who have had the benefit of a negligible amount of culture, and out of bourgeois specialists." Lenin said unequivocally: "It is necessary to take hold of the whole culture that capitalism has left behind, and build Socialism from it. It is necessary to take all science, technique, all knowledge, art. Without this we will not be able to build the life of the Communist society." Lenin indicated the road by which to create the new from the old, how to use old material in the interests of the new society. We took this road, the road of Leninism and you see: Socialism has triumphed. (*Stormy applause.*)

But in order to build the new society out of this material it is necessary to see clearly the goal and the road to its attainment. By limiting one's outlook to the conceptions common to bourgeois society and the everyday petty cares, it is impossible to understand the fundamental task with which history has confronted the people of our epoch, the task of reshaping and renewing society. Without

mastering such teachings as Marxism-Leninism, which illuminates the general path of historical development and reveals the meaning of contemporary events, it is impossible to be an intelligent participant in the historic events of our time.

This does not mean that it is enough to sign up as a Communist, to paste the corresponding label on oneself, and thereby receive the right to be called an advanced man of our epoch. We know well now that our bitterest enemies lurked under the label of Communist, under the guise of defenders of Leninism. Some of such people are even caught by events and raised aloft for a time. But the false note is bound to be detected sooner or later. Various shrewd people sometimes ride on the crest of the great events of our epoch, playing a certain role, donning the mask of sympathy for Socialism, but actually not believing that it is possible to live without sops from the gentlemen with the tight purse-strings, without serving the bourgeoisie.

After the events of recent times we know well that among these people who hung on to the Soviet power and the Bolshevik Party there were not a few old and new paid agents of the bourgeoisie, agents of the whiteguards and foreign secret services. It must be admitted that we displayed an impermissible trust in many of them, that even while fighting with them we regarded them too long as people of ideals, representing a political tendency. Indeed all these Trotskyites, Bukharinites and their ilk had long since become a band of spies and murderers, wreckers and diversionists. Among them were found not a few inveterate agents of the tsarist Okhrana, corrupt provocateurs and traitors, who, for miserly pay, fulfilled the basest commissions of the whiteguard and foreign secret services, assiduously crawling on their bellies before them. These gentlemen had to become cunning in double-dealing, to wriggle like snakes in their treachery. All these gentlemen, whose names are well known from the recent trials, are now revealed before the whole world in their true countenance, without masks, and you know that a more repulsive spectacle than this human offal it would be difficult to present.

Yes, after all, these are the very people whom the old society, the ruling classes of capitalism, would like to have in our midst in order to undermine our cause, in order to disrupt its successes. These are the people through whom the bourgeoisie was striving and is still striving to return once again to power, to clear anew the place for their rule. All this horde of murderers, spies and wreckers was the last stake of the bourgeoisie. The whiteguards and Mensheviks, Socialist-Revolutionaries and foreign secret service spies counted on their disruptive and corruptive double-dealing activity. The old society had left nothing higher ideologically, nothing more reliable morally for combatting Socialism. All these Trotskyites and Bukharinites, together with their helpers, of all kinds—nothing else than the dregs of bourgeois society, its agency—constitute the ideological and moral face of this society, if one may still speak here of any ideals or any morals. We know well now who these people are who have utterly prostituted themselves. In their disgusting nakedness they reflect the ideological and moral face of the decaying bourgeois classes which are living their last days. We have sent them where history in the not too distant future will no doubt send capital-

ist society itself. (*Stormy applause.*)

Lenin pointed to the fact that the building of Socialism from the material left behind by capitalism is a task having contradictions. The old does not give way to the new without a battle, without a stubborn struggle. On the other hand the new, which means the new people also, can grow and become tempered only in the struggle with this old, by boldly clearing the path for Socialism. In order to insure the possibility of grasping these contradictions, to find the correct path and follow it together with the foremost people of our time, it is necessary to work incessantly for the ideological-political education of the masses, the ideological-political education of the youth, and also of the leading cadres themselves and specialists in all branches. Then we will not have to wait long for the time when we will smash completely all and sundry bourgeois degenerates, whatever deception they employ, however skillful and elusive they might be. (*Applause.*) The mainstay of our cause is rapidly growing and strengthening in the popular masses. The mainstay of our cause are our Stakhanovites and shock workers of the plants, factories and collective farms, the heroes of labor, technique and science, the heroes of military affairs, aviation and the Arctic, the Soviet youth growing in knowledge and social experience. (*Applause.*) Before the steady growth of these forces the efforts of our enemies are in vain. The desire to participate consciously in the ranks of the builders of the new society and serve the fatherland honestly and to the utmost is inspiring more and more people of all generations of our country.

The lessons of the recent revelatory political trials are substantial. We now especially keep in mind what Comrade Stalin said about the danger of political indifference in our time. We also have a fuller understanding of the question of the state, the question of the state in general and of the Socialist state in particular which finds itself in a capitalist encirclement from without. We understand now more than ever the political role of the secret service espionage of foreign states and at the same time the necessity for a good secret service of our own. Our conception of the state has become more concrete and this will make it easier for us to utilize the state apparatus more correctly in building the new, Communist society.

We have by no means emerged weakened from the struggle against the enemies of the people. On the contrary, we have grown still stronger and are still more confident in the complete victory of our cause. (*Applause.*)

How these events have affected our practical work may be judged if only by the following example. I have in mind the work of industry this year. In 1937, as a result of the exposure of wrecking, we were obliged to make considerable changes in the industrial personnel. In place of the many "Communists" and engineer specialists, who prided themselves too much on their long experience and who, in practice, had become politically degenerated and involved in wrecking, we were obliged in recent months to promote many new people, mainly from among the formerly obscure practical workers and young specialists. In many branches of industry it was necessary to replace an entire stratum of officials who had become politically corrupt. Now it is possible to judge the first results of this renewal of the leading cadres in industry.

As is known, the 1938 production program for industry was published on November 30, 1937. This program provided for a growth this year in industrial output of 15.3 per cent as against last year. With the present scale of our industry such an increase in industrial production for one year is tremendous, apart from the fact that it strikingly emphasizes the superiority of the Socialist over the capitalist system, where a deep economic crisis is again developing. Are our present industrial cadres coping with the tasks set before them?

Let us compare industrial output in January of this year with that of January last year. We find that in January we had an increase in output of 5.5 per cent over January, 1937. We had progressed, but the increase over last year was still relatively small. February of this year brought an increase in industrial output of 9 per cent over February of last year. This was a further step forward. In March the increase in industrial output over March last year was 12 per cent. The growth in the pace of production is obvious here. Now we have the figures for the month of April also. April brought an increase in industrial output of 15 per cent over April last year. (*Stormy applause.*)

As you see, our industry is already forging ahead toward the fulfillment of the annual plan. This does not mean that we have no branches of industry that are lagging behind and working badly. There can be no question of our contenting ourselves with the level attained. But you will understand that such an upward curve and such a growth in the tempo of production can only take place on a healthy foundation. Before our eyes the new cadres are mastering the leadership of industry. Changing the chiefs who were abject failures politically, purging the economic apparatus of enemies—wreckers—has by no means weakened industry. The new cadres are already taking in hand the task assigned to them and are coping successfully with it. This is an indication of the extent to which our economic cadres have grown, an indication of the reserves we already possess and how confidently we may forge ahead, organizing the correct promotion of new forces, their correct training and guidance. Such successes have become possible owing to the fact that the whole working class and the entire body of the working people in our country are growing rapidly both as regards social consciousness and their ability to organize labor. All children in our country receive elementary schooling, and secondary school education is also developing rapidly. The fact that the secondary school has become accessible to millions of boys and girls is of tremendous importance. What the higher schools have accomplished in recent years in training new cadres of specialists is already beginning to bear its first real fruits. We must prize and preserve every old specialist, but the specialists of the new generation, whose number is growing every day, have become the main power among the qualified specialists.

The extent to which the peoples of the Soviet Union have already grown from the cultural standpoint, the extent to which the cadres of our specialists have increased as well, is seen at every step by the facts relating to our economic front. We have always endeavored to prolong the period of peaceful respite—the efforts of Soviet power and the Bolshevik Party, the efforts of our great leader, the leader of the peoples, Comrade Stalin, have always been directed toward this end. (*Stormy, prolonged applause. All rise.*)

We have not wasted these years of peaceful respite. Quite a lot has already been done toward training new Soviet cadres of specialists. Ideological-political education is what now decides the matter in this sphere. One year ago Comrade Stalin said:

"The key question now facing us is not the elimination of the technical backwardness of our cadres, for, in the main, this has already been done, but the elimination of political unconcern and political trustfulness in wreckers who have accidentally obtained Party cards."

To advance confidently, to guarantee the flourishing of our country's forces, we must remember these directions of Comrade Stalin, remember the importance of ideological-political education in our time.

It used to be said about the victory of the Germans in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, that the decisive role in this victory was played by the school, the teacher. Indeed, in that period the Germans accomplished a good deal in raising the level of education in their country. And this, coupled with other factors, played a very important role in the victory of the Germans over the French. What has been accomplished during recent years in our country toward raising culture, developing public education, creating cadres of highly qualified specialists, is a work unprecedented in magnitude and importance. Our country is no longer what it was during the first battles against the foreign interventionists in 1918-20. And if even then, half-ruined by war, culturally backward and exhausted, the country overcame a widely organized foreign attack, then today, when the material and cultural level of the people has risen considerably, when the peoples of the Soviet Union are firmly united, politically and morally, under our Bolshevik banner as never before, it is enough for every citizen of the Soviet Union to do his duty, the duty of an honest son of his people, for our cause to be completely victorious. *(Stormy applause.)*

In his letter to the Young Communist Ivanov, Comrade Stalin recently reminded us again how to understand the political tasks of the present moment. He wrote:

"It is necessary to keep our whole people in a state of mobilized preparedness in face of the danger of military attack, so that no 'accident,' no tricks on the part of our external enemies may catch us unawares. . ."

To fulfill this task our intelligentsia, the higher school personnel, the men and women students must keep in mind the task confronting them: to master Leninism, to become intelligent participants, in the Bolshevik sense, in the great cause of building Socialism. You, the higher school personnel, have been given a place in the van not only of the ranks of cultural workers but of all branches of the work of our state. Much has been given you, and, hence, great is your responsibility before the people. *(Applause.)*

The whole of your work, and the work of each of you individually, is guaranteed the powerful support of the state. Marching in step with the whole people, whose Bolshevik banner floated high at the recent elections to the Supreme Soviet of the Union and which is again floating aloft at the elections to the Supreme Soviets of the Soviet republics, you will find a strong and noble feeling of satisfaction in your work. *(Stormy applause, cheers for the leader of the peoples, the beloved friend of scientists, students, professors and teachers, Comrade Stalin, and for Comrade Molotov.)*

Isaac Levitan

1861—1900

Isaac Levitan. Portrait by V. Serov, 1893

Isaac Levitan was born in the family of a poor Jewish office worker in the former Kovno gubernia in 1861. At the age of twelve he began to study painting and entered the Moscow School of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture, which at that time was directed by a group of progressive artists, the so-called *Peredvizhniki*. Founded in 1870, this society had as its aim the struggle against academic routine in the field of art. The group arranged traveling art shows, which moved from city to city all over Russia.

It was not long before Levitan earned fame in Moscow art circles as an exceptionally talented artist. His first teacher

was Savrasov, one of the fathers of the realist trend in landscape painting. Savrasov's well-known canvas, *Migratory Rooks*, is in the Tretyakov gallery. Levitan's artistic development was considerably influenced, in addition, by the French Barbizon school, and especially by Corot.

Withdrawing from the *Peredvizhniki* where he as well as Nesterov and others were not in especial favor, Levitan joined the "World of Arts" group, founded in 1899 and uniting the new Russian art trends of the 'nineties.

The early period of Levitan's creative activity was marked by poverty; at times he did not even have a roof over his head. Aside from material cares the sensitive, natural-born artist experienced mental sufferings as a result of the injustices and privations he was subjected to by the tsarist regime because of his Jewish descent. Levitan did not always succeed in escaping administrative exile from territory where he did not have the "right to reside."

Levitan was the singer and "psychologist" of Russian nature. Not a single Russian painter has depicted nature with its truth and enchanting warmth as did Levitan. Each of his canvases, with their musical qualities and rhythm, its well-planned and perfect execution may be likened to a fine lyric poem.

"Consciously entranced by the beauties of nature," K. Yuon, Honored Art Worker, has said, "Levitan felt that the means at his disposal were not adequate to convey them at their full value, and this knowledge distressed him. In many of his letters to Anton Chekhov, his friend, he spoke of his mental sufferings on this score. And here we find one of the reasons for that invariable sadness which accompanies his paintings, even the most cheerful."

A master realist, Levitan pointed out the "human" aspect in nature; in his canvases we see the run-down Russian village, poverty and sorrow-stricken; desolate, unploughed fields; over-grown roads, and weedy, stagnant ponds. He, as no one else, however, conveyed the majestic vistas and breath-taking beauty of his native land, its riches, the sad splendor of the Russian Indian summer and the tempestuous grandeur of the Russian spring.

"During Levitan's lifetime and after his death," Igor Grabar, Honored Art Worker, has said, "not a few paintings showed his influence, but to the present day a second Levitan, an equally forceful artist-poet of Russian nature has not come on the scene. Levitan would have given the world many more treasures had not death encountered him on the threshold of his fortieth spring."

Following exhibitions of the works of Repin, Surikov and Kramskoy, great Russian realists, an exhibition of I. Levitan's works has been opened in four halls of the State Moscow Tretyakov Art Gallery.

About five hundred paintings and drawings—tracing his career from his student days until he died—are on display. It is interesting to note that only two hundred and thirty-three items were shown at the posthumous exhibition in 1901. The present exhibition includes, aside from those of Levitan's canvases and sketches on permanent display in Moscow, works of his lent by more than sixty out-of-town museums and private collectors.

This exhibition of the works of one of the best Russian landscape artists of the past century is very popular, numerous excursions of workers, employees, students, Red Army men visiting it daily.

Mikhail Nesterov

A Great Russian Landscape Artist

For me to speak of Levitan is always pleasant, but sad... To think that he was only a year older than I, who, in spite of that, am still at work. This superb artist and poet would also be working had not premature death cut short his career. How many wonderful revelations, how many hitherto unnoticed aspects of nature would his keen eye, his grand, sensitive heart have given to the world!

My reminiscences of Levitan date back to the time, when, sixty years ago, we first met, became acquaintances and then close friends in the Moscow School of Painting and Sculpture. His youth was not a happy one. It is said that poverty is a close companion of great talent... That Levitan was talented is beyond doubt; and the proof is his legacy, in all that he left his country, now preserved in our museums, all those marvelous landscapes, permeated now with melancholy and sorrow, now with a bright ray of hope and sunshine... Sunshine, it is true, is rare in his paintings, but when it is used it warms and comforts the weary heart.

Levitan worked in Savrasov's studio, which was an exclusive group, one very hard to join and where, as rumor in the school had it, "miracles were being created." Not until the first student exhibition, at which Savrasov's students led all the rest, the best works coming from Levitan's brush, were the "secrets of Savrasov's studio" revealed. Levitan's unfinished *Simonov Monastery* painted from the opposite bank of the Moscow river, was regarded as a revelation. Our young colleague had masterfully depicted the quiet calm of a summer evening.

At one of the succeeding student exhibitions P. Tretyakov (an art patron and collector of paintings, after whom Moscow's largest art gallery is named)

Woodland Pool. Landscape by I. Levitan

The Vladimir Road. Oilpainting by Levitan. The original hangs in the State Tretyakov Gallery

bought *Vista*, a small canvas by Levitan, in which the woman's figure had been drawn by Nikolai Chekhov, brother of Anton Chekhov the writer, and our mutual school comrade.

From that time on Tretyakov took an interest in Levitan's progress. He even visited him in those cheap, furnished garrets where he then lived and in which many of us led a nomad existence.

Thus matters stood until Levitan visited the Crimea. The fine studies he displayed at the Periodic Exhibition on his return astounded us all. They were sold during the first days of the exhibition, and it must be said that prior to their appearance not one of the Russian painters had so ably understood and depicted the natural beauty of the south—the sea, melancholy cypresses, blossoming almond trees and all the poetry of ancient Taurus. Levitan was the first, as it were, to disclose the beauties of the southern shore of the Crimea.

Spring in the Crimea was followed by Volga-Plyos, a favorite summer haunt of artists. Levitan spent several summers there. We were all struck by the originality of treatment and high level of technique of the studies and paintings he brought back to Moscow from the Volga. On his return he began the arduous task of completing *A Windy Day*, a Volga scene with holiday-bedecked barges in the foreground. This painting was a difficult one for the artist. It was finally finished and perhaps not a single painting with the exception of Repin's *Volga Boatmen* presents such a striking, true portrayal of the Volga. Levitan, meditative by nature and striving not only for an outward "resemblance" in his landscapes but for the profound, hidden meaning of the so-called "secrets of nature," for its soul, rapidly developed as a painter. His technique became perfected, he became a real master.

A realist in the deep, not the transitory sense of the word; a realist not only as regards form and color but the spirit of the theme as well, which not infrequently is hidden from our cursory glance, Levitan had mastered that quality which perhaps was common to the great poet-artists of the renaissance, and to a limited few of his time also, among them Ivanov and Surikov.

The years in Volga-Plyos and the following years in the Tverskaya Gubernia were the richest and most fruitful of Levitan's short career. In those days when Levitan, still in good health, would return to Moscow we, his friends and admirers, would flock to his hotel to feast our eyes upon his new creations. Our envious voices would fall silent at the appearance of Tretyakov, who at that time played an important role in the Russian art world,

collecting paintings not for his personal pleasure, but for the general public, for the enlightenment of Russian society, of the Russian people. It was a rare year when Tretyakov did not acquire some new work of Levitan's for his gallery, with the result that now the State Tretyakov Gallery has the most complete collection of his works.

I was drawn to Levitan from the first. From the beginning of our acquaintanceship I delighted in his fresh, striking talent, which corresponded somewhat to mine as regards the understanding of the meaning of our Russian nature. We were both "lyric" by nature, we liked to see nature in a calm and peaceful state. This did not mean, of course, that I did not grasp and appreciate the more or less dramatic aspects of Levitan's work or his romanticism—*Eternal Rest*—for example. His *Woodland* particularly appealed to me, as a portrayal of experiences lived through by the artist and embodied by him in the form of a dramatic landscape. I also liked his popular *Vladimirka*, (Vladimir Road) which is on an equally high level as regards concept and execution. *Vladimirka* may with all justice be called a Russian historical landscape (a genre, by the way, in which our art is poor). For centuries prisoners, political and criminal, had been driven along this road to exile in Siberia. Combining historical truth with perfect execution, this painting is one of Levitan's most mature efforts.

As the years passed Levitan's fame and the love of the public for him grew. Materially well provided for, he could now work in peace. At this juncture, however, a misfortune befell him: a medical examination revealed that he had aneurism of the heart. Levitan's passionate, fiery nature and temperament were not an aid in postponing the catastrophe; the end steadily drew nearer... The knowledge of his approaching death forced him to accelerate the pace of his living and working—he continued to live and work with his characteristic enthusiasm.

I have already mentioned the fact that our development proceeded along somewhat parallel lines. Our thoughts, viewpoints and likes frequently coincided. We joined the *Peredvizhniki* group together, were both not especially well liked there, later were simultaneously invited to take part in the "World of Arts Exhibition" by Sergei Dyagilev, and we both soon realized that this was not the place for us; we began to withdraw unobtrusively from these art societies, dreaming of gathering around ourselves a group of talented colleagues and, if such a plan were not to succeed, to attempt to arrange joint periodic exhibitions of our work, but... Levitan had not long to live.

We met for the last time in spring. Passing through Moscow I visited him and we had a long talk. In the evening we strolled along the boulevards. The springtime and the calm evening moved us to a heart-to-heart talk and we exchanged reminiscences of the past, of our passing youth... Late in the evening we bade one another farewell. I never saw Levitan again.

In Paris in 1900, visiting the Russian section of the World Exhibition one day, I saw black crepe on the frames of Levitan's canvases. I learned that a telegram had been received that Levitan had died in Moscow of a heart attack.

And today, almost forty years later, his image stands before me—complete, unchanged, beautiful.

Prisoner of the Caucasus

The Skaters. A scene from Act II of The Prisoner of the Caucasus

Premieres of *The Prisoner of the Caucasus*, a ballet based on Pushkin's poem of the same title, were recently held in the two leading theaters in the Soviet Union—the Moscow Bolshoi Theater and the Kirov Theater of Opera and Ballet in Leningrad. This ballet was first staged in 1823 by the famous balletmaster Didlo.

B. Asafyev, composer, R. Zakharov, balletmaster and N. Volkov, librettist, of the Bolshoi Theater, coped splendidly with their task, fashioning a ballet fully conveying the romance and charm of the poem. The ballet deviates somewhat from the poem, incorporating bits from other of Pushkin's works in the portrayal of the leading character.

The dance "dialogues" are especially well staged. A genuine sense of the grandeur of the Caucasus is suggested by the mass Caucasian dances. Reminiscent of a floating swan are the slow, restful motions of the dancing mountain woman with her measured and flowing steps; her dance is especially striking in contrast to the head-long pace kept up by the male trick horseback riders and warriors.

Based largely on folk melodies, Asafyev's music is highly dramatic and emotional. The symphonic picture he draws of the severe and majestic Caucasus, and of the life and customs of the mountain people is contrasted with the fickle, false and egoistical St. Petersburg society.

P. Williams, the stage artist, deservedly shares praise together with the producer and composer. His Caucasian settings—foreboding summits looming in the distance and the stone walls of the town fortress—are excellent.

The authors of the libretto successfully introduced a number of episodes showing life as it was at the time of Pushkin. Paulina, the dancer, personifies Istomina, the famous ballet dancer of the first quarter of the last century. The St. Petersburg Ise Rink and The Ball scenes are technically beyond reproach. Not a single dance in the whole production might be called hackneyed. One of the most difficult scenes—that where ice-skaters appear on the stage—is masterfully executed. Asaf Messerer is perfect in his role of ice-skater dancer. The costuming colorfully recreates the period.

"The majority of the performers," writes Honored Actress Victorina Krieger, "have demonstrated that they are finished actors. Even the minor roles are played convincingly, with talent. M. Gabovich in the leading role of the prisoner of the Caucasus is truly dramatic. He succeeds in escaping the pitfall of ballet sentimentality. His motions are far superior to the old pantomime style, his play is genuine and expressive.

"And how touching and moving is the Cherkess maiden as played by the young actress Bogolyubskaya, who only a year ago graduated from the ballet school! Her dancing is melodic and flexible. Especially noteworthy is the scene in which she bids farewell to the prisoner. The portrayal of a ballerina of the time of Pushkin is very well done by Lepeshinskaya, in the role of Paulina."

The Prisoner of the Caucasus is an event of note in the Soviet theater. Workers in the field of Soviet ballet are assimilating all that is best in folk creation.

V. M.

STATEMENT OF AMERICAN INTELLECTUALS

"The measures taken by the Soviet Union to preserve and extend its gains and its strength therefore find their echoes here, where we are staking the future of the American people on the preservation of progressive democracy and the unification of our efforts to prevent the fascists from strangling the rights of the people. American liberals must not permit their outlook on these questions to be confused, nor allow their recognition of the place of the Soviet Union in the international fight of democracy against fascism to be destroyed. We call upon them to support the efforts of the Soviet Union to free itself from insidious internal dangers, principal menace to peace and democracy."

The signers to the statement of American Progressives on the Moscow trials follows:

Arthur Arent
Nelson Algren
Beryl Becker
Thomas B. Bennet
Arnold Blanch
Marc Blitzstein
Roman Bohnen
Millen Brand
Phoebe Brand
Dorothy Brewster
J. R. Brown
Edwin Berry Burgum
Alan Campbell
Morris Carnovsky
Vera Caspary
Si-lan Chen
Haakon M. Chevalier
Ch'ao-ting Chi
Harold Clurman
Robert Coates
Merle Colby
Jack Conroy
Curt Conway
Ted Couday
Malcolm Cowley
Bruce Crawford
Kyle Crichton
Robert M. Cronbach
Lester Cole
H. W. L. Dana
Jerome Davis
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Dr. Garland Ethel
Phil Evergood
Guy Endore
Louis Ferstadt
Frederick V. Field
Elizabeth G. Flynn
Jules Garfield
Hugo Gellert
Robert Gessner
Harry Gottlieb
Emmett Gowen
B. D. N. Grebanier
Richard Greenleaf
Dashiel Hammet
Abraham Harriton
Henry Hart
Lillian Hellman
Granville Hicks
Langston Hughes
Rolph Humphries
Leo Hurwitz
Burton C. James
Florence B. James
Joe Jones
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Adelaide Klein
H. S. Kraft
John Howard Lawson
Corliss Lamont
Catherine Lawrence
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Selden C. Menefee
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John O'Malley
A. L. Ottenheimer
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Raymond Otis
Dorothy Parker
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John Hyde Preston
Rebecca E. Pitts
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Harold J. Rome
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Bernard Smith
F. Tredwell Smith
Jessica Smith
Hester Sondergaard
Raphael Soyer
Lionel Stander
Bernhard J. Stern
Housely Stevens, Jr.
Philip Stevenson
Maxwell S. Stewart
Paul Strand
John Stuart
Genevieve Taggard
Nahum Tschabasov
Ethel Turner
Keene Wallis
Max Weber
George T. Willison
Frances Winwar
Martin Wolfson
Richard Wright
Victor A. Yakhontoff

STATEMENT OF CZECHOSLOVAKIAN INTELLECTUALS

Several Hundred Czechoslovakian intellectuals have published in *Prager Presse* of May 15, a declaration calling for the creation of a United Front to defend the Republic against its external and internal enemies.

"In the name of the national freedom and sovereign independence won twenty years ago, we send this call to all sincere citizens of the Czechoslovakian Republic: — With stern resolve, devotion and everlasting faith in our task, we shall guard the indivisibility, the inviolate sovereignty of our state. We are unconquerable only in steadfast unity. We must remain constant to ourselves, constant to the principles which gave birth to our Republic.

"Without regard to differences of political, religious and class principles, we rally round our faith in democracy and freedom; strong in our reverence for truth and social justice. To the end we shall defend the principles adopted by our people and with them of all civilized humanity. We shall not tolerate any menace to the moral principles of culture and human rights in our fatherland. We shall not tolerate the oppression of a single sincere citizen of our Republic or the deprivation of his national rights because of his convictions, birth or religious inclinations.

"We are resolved, in the name of justice, to share with each other and with our brothers of all nationalities, the same rights and facilities for existence which our united and indivisible state affords us. In just and cooperative effort, in firm defense of our social rights we shall resist all in our midst who, under one pretence or another, endeavor to serve foreign interests. We constitute and shall always constitute a sovereign state upon which none dare to intrude alien interests.

"We have always stood for peace, but we are determined to hold firm in our own hands the leading lines of our foreign policies. We stand for the defense of peace as do our colleagues and friends, in France, the Soviet Union, England, the Little Entente and all other democratic powers. We strive for peace and real harmony with our neighbors. We respect all states and peoples, and demand that all states and peoples respect us. Not on us lies the responsibility for the grave menaces under which world peace exists today. Thus the more stubbornly shall we, strong in our unity, defend peace.

"We are aware of the fact that internal forces are working to disrupt this unity, and against this danger we shall arm ourselves with all speed and determination. Confident in our strength we shall preserve the significance of Czechoslovakia to Europe and to the world. We know that in defending our own freedom and democracy we are defending the freedom and democracy of all Europe. Thus, we shall fulfill the historic mission of Czechoslovakia.

"Twenty years ago when our peo-

ple were disarmed and our fatherland lay under a foreign yoke, we were faithful to our mission. And we will not today, armed and independent, with an army of which we are proud and which will defend our Republic and our democracy, betray our mission.

"There is no place in our midst for those who sow doubt in the strength of our Republic; who undermine faith in democracy; who endeavor to conceal the gravity of current world events. There is no place in our ranks for the defeatists who advise us to choose that path which we shall never accept—submission. Fully conscious of the responsibility that is ours before history we demand that government posts shall be held only by those "thrice tried" in their devotion and loyalty to democracy and to our state. We demand that the Czechoslovakian Government shall use its powers with clarity and decision, that every citizen will be assured that our government will not fail in the fulfillment of its sworn obligation to defend the interests of the Republic and of democracy. We demand that every government department shall, at all times, firmly, resolutely and unswervingly do its duty.

"We believe that democracy, ready for action, is best able to guarantee security to our state and goodwill to each individual citizen. We demand that each political party shall subordinate its own narrow interests to the interests of our nation as a whole and thus help to strengthen the effectiveness and stability of our republican system.

"We believe in the victory of right over might; freedom over slavery; democracy over hierarchy; truth over untruth!

"Once more we stand on the threshold of new history. . . . We swear to you, citizens of our free democratic Republic, that we shall keep our hard-won independence! We firmly believe that Europe shall emerge out of these difficulties free and happy!

"Let all uphold this oath! — Let lawmakers, politicians, organs of government power, and every democratic citizen of our Republic demonstrate a singleness of purpose and determination that must compel the attention and respect of the whole world!"

On the Lighter side

Sergei Mikhalkov

Comrade Tower

Down our street in number ten
Near the public shower
Lives a skyscrape citizen
Nicknamed Comrade Tower.

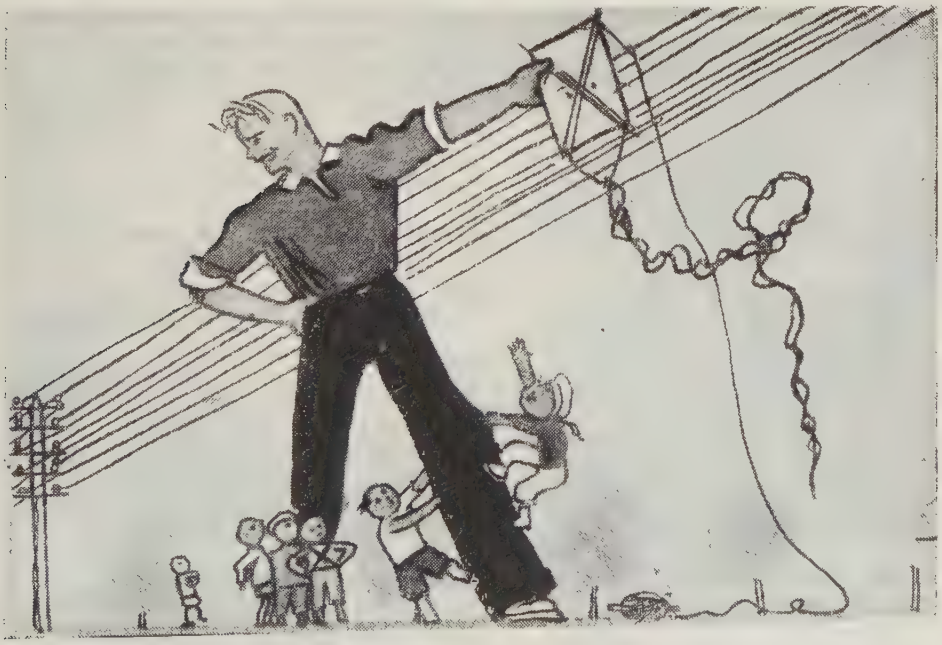
Stepan Stepanov he's named.
He can be defiant.
Of the local giants all
He's chief giant.

Everybody greeted him
"Uncle Tower, good day."
You could see him coming home
Half a mile away.

You could hear him coming too
Halfway down the drive,
Giant foot in giant shoe
Number forty-five.

Socks his size were hard to find;
His were made from sheeting.
When he came to make new pants
Tailors called a meeting

Trying on an ordinary suit
Of the largest size.
He looks into the glass—and rip!—
It's gone before his eyes.



Cover Design to Sergei Mikhalkov's Poem Comrade Tower. *Drawing by A. Kanevsky*

People laugh and tell him now "Try the elephant." Drawing by A. Kanevsky

Fences never are high enough
To overtop him.
Dogs in the yard think here's a thief,
And bark to stop him.

In restaurants they know him as
Comrade Double-Portion.
The way he sleeps, feet out on chairs,
It's a caution.

At the movies people say,
"Hey, we can't see through.
Sit on the floor instead, it makes
No difference to you."

At stadiums he gets in free.
Soon as he is seen
The ticket man is sure he is
Some big champeen.

A kite caught on the telegraph wires
Doesn't raise a cough.
All the kids just wait for Tower
To come and pick it off.

And at parades they're lucky kids
When Uncle Tower is by.
It's better than a grandstand seat
When Stepan lifts you high.

If a popularity test
Were held near us,
The backyard vote for him would be
Unanimous.

In walks with him we're sure to have
All the kids before us.
If he sneezes they all shout
"Your health" in chorus.

2

Always early out of bed
Is our Comrade Tower,
Opens all his windows wide,
Then takes his shower;
And his teeth, no matter what,
To brush them Tower never forgot.

When we hear his big feet pound
We all know where he is bound;
Past the traffic cop and past
The corner news stand, going fast.
Late will Stepan never be
Working in the factory.

3

Comes July and Moscow stews
Like a burning pot;
But every Sunday in the park
He forgets it's hot.

That one in the saddle there,
Knees bumping on the green;
No funnier monkey-donkey ride
Ever there was seen.

"Hey, you, big boy," people shout,
There's the camel, try him out."

On the camel he must hold
His big feet aslant.
People laugh and tell him now
"Try the elephant."

Stepan to the parachute tower
Goes to make his jump;
Wonders will it hold him up
Or will he get a bump.

While below the people joke
And throw up flowers.
"Where will the tower be," they cry,
"When Tower jumps from tower?"

4

The locomotive steams away
The driver stares ahead;
Then to the stoker shouted he
And this is what he said;

"I've rode this line a whole year long
I know each semaphore;
But this one see, is new to me,
I never saw such before."

And when they reached that semaphore
And out they ran,
That tall post with the signal arm—
It turned into a man.

Giant Stepan standing there,
"Danger ahead," he said
"I did my best; I flagged your train
With my hand outspread."

5

Look at all that smoke up there!
Look at that big crowd!
Ding-a-ling the engine comes.
Aint that driver proud!

How that building blazes up
Out the firemen jump,
Spin the hose line out like rope,
Hook it to the pump.

"Hey, you big boy", people shout
"There's the camel, try him out". *Drawing by A. Kanevsky*

Inside the garret window there
Pigeons beat their wings
While in the yard a crying kid
To uncle Stepan clings.

"Uncle, just one more good turn;
Please don't let our pigeons burn."

To the burning house he goes,
Like a ladder stands;
Reaches through the smoke and flames
His giant hands;

Wrenches the whole window out
And from the smoke half blind
Fourteen pigeons stagger out—
One sparrow close behind.

With the grateful kids around him
Stepan starts away.
"Join our brigade," the fire chief says,
"You're welcome any day."

Stepan answers, "Comrade, thanks.
"I plan to sail afar,
To join the fleet and on my cap
Wear the bright red star."

6

One day down the street there comes
Towering and defiant
A new one, who? who can it be,
This brand new giant?

Comrades, tell us if you know,
This bold sailor, who?

Listen how the thick ice cracks
Under his big shoe!

What natty creases on his pants!
His belt's real leather!
And that sailor's overcoat
Will stand all weather.
And on the sleeves, for what kids hanker,
Look, there gleams the Red Fleet anchor.

And glistening letters all in gold
On his sailor's hat
Tell you clear, the ship he'll steer, —
The battleship *Marat*.

The kids on ice skates skim along,
They wonder who he is,
And when he stops at number ten
They put him through a quiz.

His muffler Uncle Tower unwound.
"Tell the kids to come around.
I've got stories by the pound.
How many sharks I pulled aground.
To what far off ports I'm bound.
How ten times I nearly drowned."

See them crowd around and shout!
How those kids do cheer!
Proud to know a Red Fleet man!
Every pioneer!

And to his many nicknames now
This new one he earns.
Big Comrade Tower, Red Navy man,
To Comrade Light-House turns.

Translated by ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

In the Soviet Union children do not have to be coaxed into reading poetry. This is because they have a poetry of their own, not adult poetry which they cannot understand. Narrative poetry composed especially for children constitutes a considerable part of the publications of *Detizdat*, the Children's Publishing House, which is one of the biggest Soviet publishing organizations.

A large number of Soviet poets have become prominent in this form among whom the best known are Marshak, Chukovsky, Agnia Bartow and Mikhalkov whose *Uncle Tower* we publish here in translation.

The poems are published in huge editions. The current printing of *Uncle Tower*, for example, is 100,000 copies and editions are exhausted on the day o- publication. Although the books are prof duced with lavish color illustrations the price is very low.

The distinguishing characteristics of this children's poetry are racy rythm, vivid rhyming for which the Russian language is peculiarly well adapted and an unaffected simplicity hard to reproduce in translation.

Except for a translation many years ago of Chukovsky's *Crocodile* our version of *Uncle Tower* is, we believe, the first presentation in English of an important and characteristic branch of Soviet literature, a comprehensive survey of which will be published in *International Literature* in a later number.

International Politics in Soviet Caricatures

Franco Carves for his Friends

by Boris Yefimov

All Losses are Compensated

by Boris Yefimov

About the Contributors

NIKOLAI POGODIN. Well known Soviet dramatist. Author of the play *Aristocrats*, the film version of which, *Prisoners*, has been widely shown abroad. His last work, *The Man With The Gun*, published in this issue, was written for the Twentieth Anniversary of the October Socialist Revolution. It is in its second season playing to crowded houses.

MIKHAIL KOLTSOV. Outstanding Soviet journalist and writer. Is one of the Editors of *Pravda* and was its special correspondent in Spain. Has been elected Deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the R.S.F.S.R.

ALEXANDER ISBACH. Soviet short-story writer. The chief theme of his stories is Red Army life. Is now completing a new collection of stories *My Friends and Heroes*.

SERGEI MIKHALKOV. One of the group of talented young Soviet poets who write for children. A number of his poems have been dramatized and performed in children's theaters throughout the Soviet Union.

ANTONIO MACHADO. Eminent Spanish poet. Author of *Campos el Castilla* and other volumes of poetry. He is President of the Spanish Houses of Culture and an editor of *Hora de España*. Translations of his poems have appeared in the recent collection of Spanish revolutionary poems *And Spain Sings*.

PLA-Y-BELTRAN. Former Valencia weaver, now one of the most popular Spanish poets. Is the author of the volumes *Fire in the South*, *Comrade*, *The Epic of Blood*. Translations of his poems appeared in the recent collection of Spanish revolutionary poems *And Spain Sings*.

Associate Editor TIMOFEI ROKOTOV